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No 350.

### WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It was in the dusk of twilight when my Robert Came a-wooing, came a-wooing, with his heart upon his lips. upon his lips.
"Oh, I love you," said my lover, "I shall never love but you,"
And my blushes, swiftly coming, put the roses in

Then I saw the stars a-twinkle in the wide sky's azure dome. And the while my lover told me of the love he had for me, Tinkle tinkle, rang the cowbells, as the cows came

And they seemed to set to music what my lover said to me. "Tell me, darling, do you love me?" said my Rob

ert, earnestly,
When the cows were waiting, watching, for my
coming down the lane
Then he caught me, and he kissed me, and "I love you so!" cried he,
"That I know your heart must answer, and I do
not ask in vain."

Tinkle, tinkle, rang the bells then, in a chorus low and sweet, Tinkle, tinkle! but the music of his words were sweeter far;
And I quite forgot my milking, in a gladness so complete,

While the patient cows stood waiting, till they missed the evening star. Tinkle, tinkle! rings the music of the bells across

the lea,
And the cows are coming homeward, but a sweetersound than this
Greets my ears, for falling shadows bring my Robert home to me,
And I hear the merry whistle I will smother with a kiss.

Flingle, flangle, ring the cowbells, and my Robert's almost home
Tinkle, klinkle, laugh the cowbells, and my heart
is like a bird's
There's a step upon the threshold, and at last my
Robert's come! I the bells are all a-ringing with the music of his words.

# Rifle and Tomahawk:

NED WYLDE, THE BOY SCOUT.

A Romance of the Sioux War. BY "TEXAS JACK."

(J. B. OMOHONDRO.)

CHAPTER VII.

FOLLOWING WHERE THE ROSEBUD LEADS.

It was a strange, thrilling scene, there in that moonlit gorge of the hills, and for an instant the three, the scout, the Indian girl, and myself this near the Indian village?" said the the unconscious woman, seemed like a group of statuary

its background of overhanging trees, and steep | self than to her. mountain-side.

Jpon the scout's face was a look of surprise, of doubt, and his hand rested upon his revolver. Had the one before him, she who stood such a threatening manner, been a foe worthy of his steel, he never would have hesitated an instant, but made his revolver speak, while he took his chances with the arrow.

But could he fire upon a woman, even though she was a red-skin? No; there lay one woman at his feet, who had already been foully dealt with; he would

not commit crime, even in defense of his life. Upon the face of the Indian girl hovered an expression of anger. She believed the woman at the scout's feet had been slain by the white man, and she almost let go the arrow-head from between her shapely thumb and forefinger.

mound. And thus the three remained for full a min-

Presently the scout spoke; the suspense and silence were irksome to him, and he addressed the Indian girl in the Sioux tongue.

What would the red flower of the mountain? Would she also raise the hatchet against the pale-face?"
"The Rose of the Rosebud is no warrior; the

sight of blood dims her eyes; but she would send her arrow to the heart of the pale-face, if she knew that he had turned his hand upon a

The girl spoke in pure English, and in a determined tone, which caused the scout to feel that she would keep her word.

After an instant, he said: "The Rose of the Rosebud would do well; none but a coward would strike a woman; but lower your arrow and aid me here, for sadly does this poor girl need aid—more than I can render her.

I am a scout of the pale-faces, and I am on the trail of the warriors of your tribe. Near the village of your people on the prairie I found this woman, wounded and insensible, and I brought her here.

'It has been said that the Rose of the Rose bud was beautiful and held a good heart; she is before my eyes and I see that their tongue are not crooked who thus speak of her; let her also show me that she has a good heart, by caring for this poor girl—then she can set her warriors on my trail and I will meet them."

Instantly the arrow and bow were cast down, and the maiden stepped forward timidly, while she said, softly:

The Rose of the Rosebud loves the palefaces, and her heart yet trembles from a great danger from which a white brave saved

What! when were any of my people



A wild war-whoop answered him, and turning quickly he found himself in the arms of the desperate Long Bow.

"When the moon was yonder on the tree-Rose, but she had no heart for him, and in revenge he would have thrown her from the cliff; but a pale-face scout threw his lasso about her and saved her life.

"The braves of my tribe came up, and pursued the Long Bow, but I did not tell them that in the tree above their heads was a paleface enemy, but let them go on the trail of the

an hour ago—can there be another scout than man, glancing at the distance the moon had traveled from the line of forests to which would have made a startling tableau, with maiden had pointed, and speaking more to him-

> "Yes; the Rose of the Rosebud saw not his face; but her heart told her he was a pale-

"When the Biting Wolf took her to the village of her people, she left him, and she was w going back to the cliff to see if she could find the brave pale-face and thank him." Where was the cliff on which you left

him? The maiden pointed to the eastward and

"Under the shadow of the mountain vonder.

"And your village is in this direction why is the Rose of the Rosebud so far off the trail? "The Rose would not be seen by the keen

eyes of the Sioux braves; was she not going to As still as death lay the woman on the grassy meet an enemy to her race?" 'True; the tongue of the Rose is straight-I will not doubt her; will she prove her love for the pale-faces and aid this poor girl?"

"The Rose of the Rosebud will care for the pale-face maiden as she would for her own papboose; let the brave scout follow, and he shall ee that the Rose speaks with a straight

Raising the still insensible form lightly in his strong arms, the scout followed the maiden up the gorge, leaving his faithful steed to await

A walk of half a mile brought them to a wild and picturesque scene—the end of the canon overhung by lofty precipices, over which dashed a wild torrent of water, falling in wavy masses to the bed of the gulch below.

As though familiar with every inch of the way, the Indian girl led the scout through the dashing spray, in behind the waterfall, and darkness fell upon them.

"Where is the Rose? I cannot see," said the out, hesitating. No reply came to his question, and again he

Still no answer the deep voice of the scout rung above the noise of the falling waters.

Still no answer came, and around him all vas dark as death. But, suddenly, he beheld a glimmer of light; it came nearer, and the next moment the Rose of the Rosebud stood before him, a pine torch

With a motion of her head she bade the cout to follow, and by the light of the burning faggot he saw that he was in a dense cavern. Without hesitation he walked on with his precious burden, and soon came to where a glimmer of moonlight was visible.

the moonlight falling full upon him.

Above him upon every side towered lofty, mountain gorge, wan and desperate, Montana tops, a wicked warrior sought the love of the Rose, but she had no heart for him, and in resum tops, a wicked warrior sought the love of the saw that he was in a bowl, or well, shut in upon every side -with perhaps the trail through the cavern the only entrance.

Upon a large tepee, made of dressed skins, upon which were sketched rude figures of various kinds, the moonlight fell, and before the raised entrance curtain sat an old, white-haired woman, of a darkly-bronzed skin.

warrior with a bad heart."

Upon her hair the light fell, making it look
"Why, the moon was on the tree-tops not like threads of silver, and her thin arms and ankles were encircled by numerous rings, or bands of gold and silver, while her attire was

scanty, but of the finest-dressed buckskin, heavily beaded and ornamented. At a glance he knew her, though he had never met her before; she was the famous Me-

dicine Queen of the Sioux. "Here let the scout leave the pale-face maid-In the tepee of the Medicine Queen she is metal. safe," said the Rose of the Rosebud, quietly,

The man laid the graceful form upon a bed skins, and turned away, after one long glance into the lovely face, a glance that caused a shudder to pass over him, and his stern lips

Now let the pale-face scout go far from here, for the braves of my people will strike his trail with the morning sun," said the maid-

I will go, but ere one moon I will returnperhaps sooner, for I would know if—if Mari if the woman lives.

"The Rose of the Rosebud is as good of heart as she is beautiful; farewell. The maiden waved her hand: and the man surned away, the burning eyes of the Medicine

Queen fixed upon him, but her lips sternly si-A moment more and he was gone, retracing

his steps by the same way he had come.
Without difficulty he found his horse, and mounting, slowly rode from the gulch. As he reached the lower end a rifle-shot broke on his ear, and the next instant three

horsemen dashed by. Two were whites, dressed in uniform -the third was a Crow Indian.

They were riding at hot speed, and behind them came thundering hoofs—half a hundred Sioux were in full pursuit. The scout was no man to pause when duty

lemanded action, and wheeling into a ravine, he opened a hot and telling fire upon the coming Sioux, with his matchless Evan's rifle, and in a confused mass down went horse and rider in the Indian advance.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAVING THE WRONG MAN.

HE who had called himself Old Solitary, and "The roar of the cataract drowns my voice. I will call her: Rose, where is the Rose?" and tana Mike, were men who had long been on the The former seemed to have been born in

buck-skin, with rifle and knife in hand, and a natural antipathy to red-skins.

border passed his days in trapping, in season, and in hunting. When pelts were prime he was happy; out of trapping season he was indifferent. Several years before he had been severely

vounded, in a skirmish with the Sioux, but, determined that they should not have his scalp he clung to life and crept away, as he believed The next instant he stood in an open space, to die

And wounded and suffering, at bay in a

From that day the two became fast friends for Montana Mike had nursed his wounded

comrade back to life.

As for Mike Massey, or as he was oftener called Montana Mike, he was a stern man of

forty years of age.

He possessed a splendid physique, was as brave as a lion, a perfect plainsman, and had been bereft of home, wife and children by one

fell blow dealt him by the Sioux. Then he took to a trapper's life, and, alone

and sorrowful, he passed his days far from settlement and town Though wholly unlike Old Solitary, he vet

formed a great attachment for him, and the two trapped together, until the gold-fever became contagious in these parts, and the two cached their traps to hunt for the precious

But they soon found that while they were hunting for gold the red-skins were hunting for them, and, after some time spent in the mountains, they learned from a Crow Indian, a scout, that an army of whites were marching

in search of Sitting Bull and his hand. Well aware of the haunts of the Indians, and convinced that gold-hunting was not their forte just then, the two determined to scout around, gain all the information they could and then seek General Crook's command, when

they would volunteer their services. In this move they were urged by their intense hatred for the Sioux, for they both had a debt of life to pay—especially Montana Mike,

whose wife and children were yet unavenged. It was while on a scout near the mountain camp of the Sioux that Old Solitary was instrumental in saving the life of the Rose of the Rosebud, and upon h's return to the lay-out

where his comrade was awaiting him that he so unexpectedly came upon the desperate struggle on the brink of the cliff.

In his flight, after being thwarted in hurling the Rose of the Rosebud from the cliff, it was by accident that Long Bow dashed into the solitary camp where sat Montana Mike in gloomy silence, awaiting the return of the old trapper. Both men discovered each other at the same instant, and, springing together, a deadly strug-

A moment after the Sioux, who was fleet of foot, and had followed on after Long Bow, rushed upon the scene, and at once sprung to the rescue of the one whom a moment before he would have sprung upon in mortal fury, for he was also a lover of the Rose of the Rosebud, and was anxious to put so formidable a rival out

in the maiden's eyes by punishing one who had insulted her. But, though the Long Bow was his rival, and also a foe, the pale-face was doubly his enemy, and he determined to aid in his death first, and then settle accounts with his brother war

of the way, besides being anxious to win favor

How his plans were disarranged by the coming of Old Solitary the reader has seen.

He was a man of perhaps fifty, came from Recovering his equilibrium, after having fall-none knew where, and in peace-times on the en flat on his back, Old Solitary gazed anxiously down over the precipice.

A fearful picture met his gaze; but he had expected something horrible as the sequel of the tumble over the cliff.

Twenty feet below there was a small project ion on the side of the rocky wall—a knob of rock seemed partially split off from the mainstratum, and in the crevice, thus formed, soil, sufficient to nourish a few small shrubs and a slender sapling, had accumulated.

To this sapling, bare of leaves, and apparently of little strength, Montana Mike hung with tenacious grasp—while below him, clutching vainly at the shrubbery in the wall's side, and which snapped or tore loose with his weight, the scout had a fleeting glance of Long Bow. Still further down swept the other Sioux, antil a dull thud proved that he was but a

mangled mass of humanity.
"Thet ar' a skulp gone - an' thar ar' anothother," said Old Solitary, as Long Bow slid on

lown the steep wall of rock and was lost in the The next second he expected to see Mike follow; a moment just then to him seemed as long as an hour, and his quickest movement seem-

"Hold hard, pard! Don't move a muscle, or blink yer eyes. Ef yer does, durned ef yer mother 'Il know yer in heving," he shouted, as he slung his lasso downward, and ran backward a dozen steps without waiting to see the re-

Taking a hasty turn around a tree, he proeeded to fasten the end.

Rapid as were his motions the strain upon the lasso came before he was ready for it—the

rope tightened, the noose was drawn close around the tree—Montana Mike was evidenty swinging clear at the other end. How all was to end he knew not, but he worked with all his might, in tightening the knot,

while the violent strain upon the lasso sudden-"Great grizzlies! is he let go?"
A wild war-whoop answered him, and turning quickly he found himself in the iron arms

of the desperate Long Bow.

CHAPTER IX. THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

"THANK God! Allen, you have returned. I feared for you greatly; but what news?"

The speaker was General Crook, seated in his tent, attired in an undress uniform, and surrounded by the small army he commanded, and which was pressing hard upon the warpath of the Sioux.

The person addressed was an elderly soldier, well formed, and with a cearless, determined face, that was now haggard and wan, while his clothes were torn, his uncovered feet bruised and bleeding.

Behind him stood two others, the one a soldier, also badly used up, and with an arm in a sling made of a piece of blanket—the other was a Crow Indian, with stern, impressible face, and if he felt fatigue he certainly kept it

"And we liked never to have returned, general; we got into a tight place, sir," replied he old soldier, addressed by his commander as

Allen. "Take a drink all of you, for you need it, from your looks, and then tell me of your trip,' said the general, kindly, and having with al crity obeyed, Sergeant Allen said, in a brisk

to the letter, and pushed on until at night we got so near to the Sioux villages that we could near them pow-wowing like mad. "The moon being bright as day, sir, we just sought a hiding-place for ourselves and horses, and while Foster and myself were sleeping, and

You see, sir, we followed your instructions

the Crow Injunhere a-watching, we were awakened by wild velling over toward the Sioux village, and the next minute on the cliff above us appeared an Injun warrior, and, Lord love you, general, he was swinging around his head a young gal, we judged. 'Well, sir, seeing that he was going to throw

her over the precipice, I up and fired, and so did the Crow. two things in our hurry—that we might kill the gal, as well as the Injun, and, if we missed both, we would fetch the whole village down upon us. "Yes, it was a most imprudent act; I

thought you had more judgment, Allen. 'And so I have, sir, where a petticoat ain't With women I always was a fool, and I couldn't bear to see the young squaw toppled down three hundred feet "And your gallantry nearly cost you your lives; but, go on—you killed the warrior, or the

'No, sir, we missed them both-missed everything but the cliff, and the next moment

the Sioux gave the girl a sling clean off from his hands: but there came the rub, because she didn't fall, but swung back and disappeared in the shadow of the trees." "Perhaps her dress caught in the branches and saved her?"

"It might be, general; anyhow, the Sioux got scared and run off, and soon we heard a party hot on his trail, and we laid low, I tell 'It was a strange adventure, Allen; but tell

me, what more did you discover? "Not much, sir, except that we discovered that the Sioux had discovered us, and as we dug out down the gorge we heard a pistol-shot and several wild war-cries above us, and sudlenly down the face of the cliff came a dead

Indian, or if he wasn't dead then, he was when he struck bottom. Well, sir, we came to a sudden halt, I tell you, general, and glancing up we saw two men clinging to the side of the cliff; one a white the other a Sioux; for the moonlight fell brightly upon them, and they were holding on tooth and nail, but what to, the Lord only

'One was a white man, you say?" "Yes, sir; but we had no time to tarry, for the Sioux were hot on our trail down the

on, and we let out as fast as we could go; and on coming out upon the prairie, we rode in close under the shadow of the mountain, until we saw a horseman dash out, and believing him to be a Sioux, we struck off over the plain.

"But he wasn't a Sioux; no, sir, not he! for he opened on our pursuers as if he had a whole regiment of rifles, and I tell you the Sioux

"Did you not turn back to his aid?" "No, sir; you gave us no orders to aid any-body—only to find out where the Indians were encamped. I was afraid we would not get back to tell you what we had seen if we turned back to help the horseman.

The general smiled at the reply of the ser geant, and then said:

'You were ertain he was a white man?" "Yes, sir: we saw him fire from a small ravine, and the flash of his rifle lighted up his form; he rode a dark bay horse, and was dress-

"Fearless Frank! as I live! Sergeant, I hope to God he has met with no harm. I wish you had turned back to his aid, after he so bravely

came to your succor."

"Had there been only a few Ingins in chase I would have, general; but there was fully hundred of them; besides, if it was the scout you speak of, sir, he can look out for himself; at any rate, I am thankful to him, for he saved our lives, as the Indians did not pursue us, and

"When was this, sergeant?" "A little before daylight, sir—and we press ed our horses hard until they failed us, and the

last twenty miles came on foot." "It was twenty hours ago then. We are nearer the Indian village than I believed. Now go and get some food and rest, and in the morning I will question you again. You and your comrade have done well, sergeant.

The sergeant and his comrade saluted politewith their Crow companion turned away to leave the tent.

As they passed out, a tall, commanding form strode into the presence of General Crook and his officers, and politely removed his broad-brimmed slouch hat, looped up upon one side

with a pin representing a silver arrow.

"Thank God! Fearless Frank, you are the one of all men I most wished to see,' and General Crook warmly grasped the hand of the tall, splendid-looking man before him.

"Yes, general, I have come," and the man threw himself into a camp-chair, a tired look

upon his face, which was pale and stern.

It was the scout who had rescued the woman from the grave, and the recognition of whom

The same man, who, single-hauded, had thrown himself between the two soldiers, the Crow scout, and the pursuing Sioux, and who in some mysterious way, had escaped the dead ly danger he had so fearlessly confronted.

ORDERED ON DECK.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 348.)

IN MEMORY OF ONE WHO DIED AT SEA. BY HENRI MONTCALM.

In the night our messmate woke and hearkened To the hurrying footsteps overhead; "Tis my watch, I'll go on deck," he said. In his eyes the life-light paled and darkened; Ard he fell back—dead.

Ay, my messmates to the deck we'll take him! Steady, lads; set every sail aback; Lay the good ship to, upon her track Silence fore and art, lest we swake him Sleeping there beneath the Union Jack.

Solemnly the final prayer is spoken; 'Round about the grating, hats in hand,
With heads sadly bowed his comrades stand;
'lien the awful hush is rudely broken
By the dreaded word—the last command!

Then we launch it from the weather-railing,
Down into the waters cold and gray;
And the shotted hammock sinks away
Far beyond all mortal sight and hailing,
Ne'er to rise until the Judgment Day.

Mark you yonder waves in white commotion:
Hark!—the coming storm's low undertone
Lively, now, lads—lively every one!
We must leave our contrade with the oceau,
With the brave old ocean, all alone.

### BIG GEORGE, The Giant of the Gulch

THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC

PETE," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XV.

PHANTOMS OF THE NIGHT.

A SHADOWY figure gliding through the night Striding swiftly where the shade is densest Crouching low down, almost crawling, when the silver moon or twinkling stars shine out brighter from the fleecy clouds. Starting at every sound, now crouching down beside a bowlder with finger on trigger, with face showing ghastly pale through the straggling beard with eyes bloodshot and wild—the eyes of a desperate, hunted beast, eyes that see a bitter merciless foe in every bush and stone, in each whisper of the wind among the scraggy pines and cedars, in the sliently waving shadows with ears that hear the swift tramp of the avenger of blood drawing nearer and nearer with each passing moment.

A man whose life from youth has been one of wild adventure and reckless daring; a man whose bravery had become a proverb, now trembling with fear-a very craven, frighten-

On, with throbbing heart and whirling brain, with limbs that dragged like lead. Panting, breathless, yet still on, fearing to pause, spurred on by that horrible dread-suffering death even in life.

He enters a narrow canon, the walls rising high upon each hand. He shudders as he en ters the gloom. It seems like a grave—like being buried alive. Yet he dare not pause. Terror impels him forward.

A low cry parts his lips. The sounds behind him grow plainer and more distinct. He can hear the echoing tread of horses' hoofs—the occasional clink of an iron-shod foot upon the flinty rocks. Imagination no longer. The avenger of blood is upon him!

A bitter groan bursts from his lips. Like an echo comes a wild, mocking laugh—a laugh so fiendish, so malignant, that it chills his very heart. Despairingly he raises his pistol—but whither aim? The mocking notes come from above, from in front, behind-from every direction; yet no one is visible — only the gloom of night, rendered still deeper by the faint twinkle of the stars peering down between the walls f the deep canon.

possible, one spark of his former manhood returned to the fugitive. He raised his pistol to his own head, and pressed the trigger. Since Hunted down, feeling that escape was im-

die he must, he would at least escape the tor-

But even this was denied him. Though his hand was steady enough, and the weapon faithful, the leaden bullet idly spent its force upon the senseless wall, far above. A snaky oil cut the air, and the despairing wretch was lung heavily to the ground, saved from suiide-for what? Stunned and bruised, he was yet sensible of

that ensued: like one in a dream. He knew that a dark figure approached and bent over him, loosening the lasso, and feeling of his heart, to see if he yet lived. He heard a ow murmur of satisfaction, then a louder tone as the shadowy figure announced his success. He knew that other forms descended from the perpendicular walls, glided up from the pass beyond, while still others rode into the canon, pausing by his side, He heard voices, but ould not distinguish the words. He felt that he was being disarmed. That stout thongs were being twisted around his limbs and body. That he was being lifted up and bound secure y upon the back of a horse. Then the cool ight air fanned his damp brow as he was caried on through the valley, along the trail he had so lately traversed. Then-his mind seemed to give way. The earth seemed swimming around—he felt himself falling—falling

down an unmeasurable depth! Then all was a blank. It seemed as though he was dead. Better for him had this seeming been reality!

A weird, peculiar scene! A small, basin-like valley. The mountains, dark and forbidding with their robes of somber pines and cedar shrubs, mottled here and ther with a ragged bowlder gleaming an unearthly white beneath the light of the moon, towered high upon every side, seeming to penetrate the The bottom of the valley, level and

smooth as a floor, was covered with coarse sand and gravel. A dozen dark-robed figures were anged in a semi-circle. Before them knelt another form, kindling a fire with flint and steel. Beyond this, a single figure sat upon horseback, covered from head to foot with a sable robe. At the animal's feet lay a bound and helpless man. The fire crackled and snapped. Its forked

congues crept in and out among the resinou twigs. Its glow began to drive back the pale luster of the moon, to fill the little amphitheater with its ruddy glare, to light up the somber figures, to reveal their stern, forbidling features At a gesture from the horseman, those form-

ng the semi-circle flung aside their cloaks and blankets, each man holding a bared blade in his right hand. Then the cowled figure spoke —its voice sounding hard and metallic, Vandez, prepare the prisoner for judg-

The man addressed advanced to where the aptive lay. Stooping, he bathed the man' ace with strong liquor. Prying open the ightly clenched teeth with the point of a knife, he allowed a portion of the brandy to trickle down the prisoner's throat. Rude as he treatment was, it proved efficacious. With long sigh, the wretch opened his eyes and

A convulsive shudder agitated his frame as his eyes noted the stern, silent figures, and read the truth—that his worst fears were realized.

"Prisoner," uttered the cowled figure, in the same icy-cold voice, slightly bending his head, the better to look down upon the captive's face. "You are here to be tried for your life. Listen to the charge against you. Vandez, "I charge the prisoner with being one of the

nen who, under command of Captain Harry Love, four years ago this month, did foully murder, among others, two men whose death we have solemnly sworn to avenge—so help as Mary, Mother of Jesus!" For a moment there was breathless silence as

the sonorous voice died away. Then the cowled figure spoke again.
"Prisoner, you have heard the charge read.

Are you guilty or not guilty?". "It's a lie—a foul, black-hearted lie!" cried the captive, throwing all his power into one effort to burst his bonds; but in vain. A cun-

ning hand had applied them.
"Thomas Hardress, alias 'Hammer Tom,'
listen," coldly added the masked rider. "Four years ago there lived a man, whose name was Joaquin Murieta. He was outlawed, a price et upon his head. For what? Because he ought revenge against those who had blacken ed his whole life—those who had robbed and dogged him; those who had hung his brother ike a dog for another man's crime; those who nad outraged and murdered his innocent wife f he committed crime, if he stained his hands n blood, had he no excuse? Men said not and they offered five thousand dollars for his head. To earn this blood-money, you and your fellows hunted him down, murdered him like a volf. You cut off his head—with the hand of Manuel Garcia, Three-fingered Jack. You took hem to San Francisco. You received the blood-money—and then you placed the head and hand in a cage, so that every cowardly cu whose blood turned to water whenever they heard his name spoken, could come and revile spit upon all that remained of the Mountain King and his faithful friend! You boasted of your brave deeds-you and your noble com rades! Little did you think you were uttering your death-warrant in those boasts-that ever then the avenger was upon your trail—that your names and descriptions were being taken lown by one who had sworn never to rest until the last one of your number had met with the same fate that befell him—but so it was. Four have been punished. You are the fifth. Thomas Higgress, prepare for death!"

Again the wretched captive sought to burst his bonds, raving, cursing and begging for mercy alternately; but he was fighting against the inevitable.

At a sign, two stout men grappled him, holding him immovable. Then the masked rider dismounted, taking the long, heavy knife which Vandez extended. The weapon hung for a moment, poised in mid-air. Then it descended. A wild yell broke from the captive's lips. blood spirted from his maimed hand. tle finger was missing

Again the weapon rose and fell.

The fire crackled and snapped. Its ruddy glare fell upon a terrible object. The headless trunk of a man. Upon the still quivering chest, lay a mutilated hand. Upon this hand rested a head, its features horribly distorted and con-

"Brothers!" uttered the cowled figure, in a clear, cold voice. "Thus shall perish all those whose hands were stained with the heart's blood of Joaquin Murieta, our master and king! Advance and, with me, renew your oath!"

With right arms elevated above the mutilat ed corpse, each hand clasping a knife, the blades crossing, the avengers repeated the we'd diskivered: that that ornery Little Pep-

work. See to the carrion, Vandez. The night is growing old, and we have a long trail to fol-

Turning, the chief led the way up the steep ascent, his horse following the narrow, winding trail with the activity of a goat. Bearing the hand, the head, the trunk, his followers came take the lead ag inst em. That wasn't wanted after. Fifty yards above the valley, the mask-ed rider turned aside into a dense clump of time, clean to the bottom. They was jest one after. Fifty yards above the valley, the maskshrubbery which concealed the entrance to a yell-I reckon you kin guess what that narrow pass through the mountains. A number of horses were tethered here, and, after binding the body upon one, the avengers binding the body upon one, the avenger mounted and followed their chief through the

For several hours they rode on rapidly, that ength of time sufficing to carry them close to their destination. Before them lav a rude collection of buildings-a mining town. Halting, the chief uttered a few directions in a lov voice. Vandez listened in silence, and bowed respectfully at its conclusion. Then he, with two others, took up the horrible burden, and cautiously entered the town.

Vandez went in advance, as though to make sure that the way was clear. Twice he uttered a low, warning hiss, and the trio sunk flat to the ground, lying still and motionless as ogs. But the alarm proved unfounded, and s often they proceeded, finally pausing near

The headless trunk was carefully composed upon its back in the middle of the street. Up-on its breast was placed the severed hand, supporting the head.

One cautious look around, then the trio stole stealthily away.

A moment later, a dark figure cautiously

crawled toward the corpse. The moon passed from beneath a cloud, its silver rays lighting up the frightful object.

The measured tramp—tramp of horses' hoofs came from the edge of the town. The avengers vere riding away.

With a low, grating snarl, the dusky figure rose erect and darted away in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded.

CHAPTER XVI.

STARTLING TIDINGS. "Er a feller cain't sackerfige hisself fer a pard, then whar's the use in livin'?" and Cottonop nodded impressively at his own shadow up on the floor, while twisting off a section from a plug of "bright navy." Stowing this away

a plug of "bright navy." his cheek, he resumed. 'Nobody but a durned hog'd want everyhin'—a critter couldn't go an' stay, too.
They'll be high jinks, I reckon, ef the boys ony strike pay-dirt-more fun then you could ake a stick at! Bullets an' steel 'll be free to all—the 'll be more holes punched an' slits cut

en they is fleas under a greaser's blanket! Ef ondly—but he is, an' that settles it!"

The big digger bit his speech short off, with quick, vicious nod, though his eyes crossed he room with a half-regretful, half-resigned glance, resting upon a silent, motionless figure which occupied the rude, blood-stained cot.

Little Cassino lay there, his face white and

ched, seeming still paler from contrast with he dark mustache and pointed beard. He lay like one dead; only a keen eye could have de ected that he breathed.

"He looks like a pictur'!" muttered Cottontop, with an admiring look. "Ef his sweetess could ondly see him now -she d jest keel right over, past savin'. Looks so soft an' deler--like a suckin' babby. An' yit-jest se him in a shindy! Geeroomagoots! it's better'n a bally-dance jest to see him wade in like a forty thousan' hoss-power injun b'iled down an' poured into a man's hide—it is so !"

The little thread of sunshine, streaming in through a crack in the slab door, stole up and covered the doctor's face. As though the touch A broad grin overspread Cotton-top's face, as he arose and creakingly advanced, on tiptoe, to the bedside. At the sight of his countenance the puzzled look fled from the doctor's eves, and a little smile lit up his face.

"Hallo, old man!" Those three words gave Cotton-top more enuine pleasure than would the discovery of a pocket" of gold. With a half-choked chuckle e began capering around the room with all the grace of a grizzly bear fighting hornets, not a little to the amused wonder of Little Cassino, but who, at last, was fain to call a truce.

"Enough's as good as a feast, old man—sup-ose you come to anchor, and tell me—how in hunder I came here, in bed-and what it all

", hain't felt so good sence my fust drunk!" declared Cotton-top, with a long breath, wiping nis perspiring brow.

That's more than I can say,' put in Little Cassino, with a stifled groan. "I feel as though Pd been run through a thrashing-ma-

"Not much wonder, nuther," interrupted Cotton-top, more soberly. "You're a sight all over—you be so! A lump on your he ger'n a punkin; a bullet through your left ham; a knife-jab in your side—a little deeper 'nd you'd went to glory by 'xpress! Then you've got more bumps an' braises \_\_\_\_\_'
"But howr" persisted Little Cassino, puz

zled. "We were up in the box where that devil of a Pepper threw the knife—"

Then you fainted-fell down all in a heap like as ef your bones 'd turned to quicksilver. You skeart us right peert, now I tell ye! Your boot was chuck-full o' blood, an' they wasn't no more starch in ye then in a wet rag, you lay so limber when we picked you up. The 'citement, I reckon, kep' ye up tell the last notch; then you giv' way all in a heap to oncet. So we brung you yere—" A low cry came from the wounded man, as

ne glanced swiftly around. An awful expre sion came into his eyes, and he would have prung from the cot, had not Cotton-top firmly restrained him:

"Here-in my office! Tell me-where are they?" he cried, in a harsh, strained voice.
"Ef you mean them Pepper boxes, they've

gone, quietly replied Cotton-top. "Thartake it cool an' easy, now, an' Pil give you the hull details, fur's I knows 'em, that is. But you must keep ca'm, them's the orders. I'm putt yere as your nurse. My repetation's at stake, an' I cain't hev you ruinin' it an' cuttin your own throat by any sech flummyd ddlesyou mind that !"

I'll be quiet-only tell me what has hap pened. I have a deeper interest in it all than you think." "Now you're talkin' sense -good stud-hoss

sense," and Cotton-top nodded approvingly "So here goes. I don't s'pose they's any need o' my goin back o' the time when you kerflum 'No-I can remember up to that. Tell me

"I'll do it-like a bird! You know what

"I know-go on," impatiently. "That bu'sted the dam—they wasn't no hold in' the crowd back then. You know how much The hull outfit—'cept me 'nd Bart Noble, who stuck by you—made a break fer outdoors. They run here, jest a-b'ilin' over. They meant business, chuck up, you bet! I reckon they'd 'a' jest nat'ally chawed—"

Woul! have -then they didn't?" interrupted Little Cassino, excitedly.

'No-'ca'se why: they wasn't nobody fer to chaw up. The pizen rats was gone, lock, stock an' bar'l—levanted, vamosed, cut stick, skeedaddled, puckacheed! Geeroomagoots! but wasn't the boys hot when they found it out, though! I reckon you kin smell the cuss-words n the air now, ef you try hard."

'What did they do, then?" persisted Little "All they knowed how. Some s'arched the

town, others scattered through the hills, but they'd made more goin' bug-huntin' to the noon. Not a durned one on 'em struck s lead. "Ol' Bart an' me, we brung you over yer

an' putt you to bed. When he done up you wounds, he sez to me, sez he: you stay right im--mind that! He said he reckoned you mought pull through; 'twas more the w'ar an c'ar of the last few days then your hurts as knocked you over. A good long sleep an' rest-in' spell would—"

'Never mind me-I'm all right," restlessly cried the doctor. "About her-has nothing

Cool an' easy does it, pard," quoth Cotton top, who was something akin to a mule nain't come to that part yit. Lord! Doc tell you last night won't be fergotten in thes parts very soon. The devil's imps was cutting up thar outdoin'est, I tell you! The fust gang o' boys what kem back—what d'y' s'pose they stumbled ag'inst, fust thing, not twenty fee from whar Woodpecker found his pard? Ham mer Tom -you knowed him, I reckon; the man as tuck sick when they read that paper on Salt

You don't mean to say -?" "Sarved jest like they did Saltpeter; head hand an little finger; an' a dagger stuck in his karkidge pinnin' down a bit o' paper with the same words on as t'other paper—only a figger

"Still another! Great heavens, when will the end come? Pard-the next one will be me

I feel it-" Cotton-top uttered a cry of wonder.

"You wasn t one o' them -"Yes -I belonged to Harry Love's band. At the time I believed our cause was a holy ne -and I think so still. But if it was wrong -God knows I've suffered enough to atone ter thousand times! I'm no coward -where I can man. Only one thing Keep a close tongue. Don't breathe a word of what I have told you. I have not been idle. I have my suspicions and if they are true ones, this h rrible mystery

done for this poor girl?"
"Bart Noble tuck hold o' that," said Cottontop, in a subdued tone. "He made it all as ly sound in mind and limb, king-toad o' the puddle. He was dead stuck on that gal. Red Pepper kerried her off, more'n our best licks. There'll be wolves on our trail, likely fer his brother, sence they all pulled up hot for blood, with the first light stakes at the same time. It stan's to reason they'd go to the place whar they could make the best fight, of so be they should be follered pressing one hand to his wound, trom which he

"That's the way Bart read it, an' he acted on

Just here came an interruption. The door was flung widely open, and a man stumbled across the threshold, falling upon his hands mob had arisen—it was the cry for blood! and knees. With an angry cry, Cotton-top leaped to his feet and seized the intruder. A his eyes glowing like those of an enraged tiger-moment more and the man would have been cat. "They yelp loud enough now, but the last flung into the street, but Little Cassino cried

"Hold-it is a friend Cotton-top! Let him down, old man -it's all right.

The giant obeyed, though reluctantly. "A dirty, sneakin greaser!" he sniffed, con

"But a friend, if I mistake not, nevertheless Now, my man, you want to see me? Quick "He sent me-Jose Sylva," replied the Mexcan, edging further away from the scowling

"I am Gaspard -" "I know -I have heard of you from a friend. What did Jose Sylva bid you tell me? "He said for you to come that he had run the game to earth. He said use whip and

' What game? Speak out, fool!" "The big red-haired man -"Red Pepper!" " Ves. There is a woman with him -"

"Cotton-top, go get my horse -quick!" cried | pig! Little Cassino, springing to the floor and grasp ig his clothes.
"You cain't go -you'll kill yo reself -" "I will go! I swore to him that I would

pare for and protect his wife, and 'Il not fail ner now. Go -get the horses -there is not an instant to lose! Go, I say—or I'll think you an enemy instead of a friend!" With one reproachful glance, Cotton-top left Though his limbs trembled be-

the building. Though his limbs trembled be-neath him, Little Cassino hurried on his clothes, questioning the Mexican the while, and before Cotton-top returned with the horses, he had secured his weapons and was ready for the

CHAPTER XVII.

FLEEING FROM VENGEANCE.

With a chuckle of diabolical satisfaction Little Pepper witnessed the terrible fall of the young gymnast. Leaning far over the boxrailing, he glared down upon the quivering man, and licked his thick lips as he noted the little rill of blood creeping down the aisle, over the space left vacant by the startled audience.

But the one gloating look was all Little Pep-per allowed himself. The devil's promptings gratified, he thought of his own safety. as he drew back, a bitter curse hissed betwixt fires danced wild, half-nude figures. his clenched teeth. His gaze rested upon his Then Dandy Dave kem in an' said as how Red | knife, sticking firmly in the woodwork directly opposite. A single glance told him what a fa-

his seat in the saddle. "Now to complete our bird; the one the muss was about, t'other tal witness this would prove, if left where it

ung until other hands found it. Leaving the box, Little Pepper hastened around the circle, but to his intense disgust found that both doors of the boxes between which hung the knife were locked. He dare not attempt to force them, lest he should be overheard and taken in the act.

"They's only one thing—puckachee "he grated, cursing his headstrong passions, now that it was too late. "A blind man could see whar the knife kem from—an everybody in the house knowed I was in that box. They'll be the devil's delight kicked up-I reckon the quicker we slide out o' yere the better for our

Reckless as he was, the dwarf did not exactly fancy the meeting with Big George, bearing such tidings as he must. He succeeded in leaving the building, unmolested, but so leisurely did he move that as he emerged, he heard the struggle in the alley that greeted the appearance of Red Pepper and his victim. Not until he heard the voice of his brother did Little Pepper divine the truth, but then he acted promptly. The sounds guided him, and shamling around the corner, he reached the spot where their horses had been tethered, none too

Two men were fighting desperately over the prostrate figure of a woman. Like a bull-dog Little Pepper sprung at the rear of the big Mexican, and so hampered him that Red Pep-per instantly ended the struggle with a downright stroke of his bowie. Snatching up the woman, he leaped into the saddle, calling to his

"Tell George I've got her-but thar's h-l to pay! Tell 'em to hunt thar holes-hot

Like an ape, Little Pepper climbed into the saddle and thundered off in the tracks of his rother, too cunning to run direct for his lair. Then circling around, he left his horse with the others, and hastened on to the doctor's office, reaching it just in time to check Pepper who was sallying forth to learn the cause of the

"Go saddle the critters—quick!" panted the dwarf. "It's fer life or death-a minnit may

"What's the row-speak out?" growled Big George, springing from his cot, unmindful of his wounds. "Jack's got the gal, but we hed to fight fer it—hafe a dozen galoots rubbed out," rapidly replied the dwarf, making no mention of the tragedy within the theater. "They made us out—we putt 'em on a blind trail, but they'l

be yere after you fellers soon's they take second thought. Nothin' 'll save us but legsan' mighty long ones, at that "Get the horses -you and Dick -lively! I'll see to Sam," ordered Big George, throwing on

his outer garments and weapons, then turning Badly hurt though he was, Black Pepper showed no lack of "grit," bearing the torture without a sign other than by grating his teeth powder. Their bitterest enemies could not deny them the possession of brute courage and

endurance in an uncommon degree. While Big George was adjusting his clothes, against; but this -there! Let it drop now, old Black Pepper recapped and inspected his revol Scarcely was this accomplished when the four horses were brought to the door. The wound ed man was lifted into the saddle, and, to make will be cleared up before many more days. All secure, a trail-rope was wound around his Now-tell me the rest. Has anything been body and fastened to the saddle. As for Big all secure, a trail-rope was wound around his George, the excitement had effected a marve ous cure. He moved around as though perfect

plain as mud to me. He said them Peppers all "Keep close to me," cautioned Big George, played the same hand, an' Big George was as he settled himself in the saddle. "Ride

"All that come won't go back o' thar own Gulch, whar they could hev thar gang to fight a complaint uttered he, though every movement of his borse was like drawing a tooth.

Clearing the town, they made a detour halfit, too. He called the boys together, an' made a speech, runnin' over what I've told you, an' meant to follow. At this moment they are a speech, runnin' over what I've told you, an' meant to follow. At this moment they are a-slingin' in a lot o' sharp hits 'bout the dirty furnished proof of their prudence in taking stories the country in gin'ral would hev to flight. For a few minutes the town had been comparatively silent, but now a fierce, deadly roar came to their ears. But few words were

> "The cowardly curs!" snarled Big George, one would turn tail and hunt his hole at the first glimpse of our faces!"

Nevertheless he urged his horse into a lope, and rode across the valley, followed by his brothers. They were now heading toward Diamond Gulch, where, for the past three years, Big George had had his head-quarters. But they were destined not to reach the retreat without serious interruption.

A deep curse and cry from Little Pepper s artled them.

"H-1! look at Sam! he's played out!" With stern fortitude Black Pepper had borne his sufferings, pressing a hand to his wound. But, despite this, the blood oozed between his fingers faster and faster, until he grew faint in spite of his iron will. When he failed, it was all at once. His head drooped and he sunk forward upon his animal's neck. Only for the rail-rope he would have fallen to the ground. "He's fainted," uttered Big George, with a deep curse. "He's been bleeding like a stuck

Curse the luck!" "We can't leave him," quietly said Pepper-"We'll have to hunt up some hole Joe Joe y, and stand it out if they find us. They'll earn all they get, anyhow!

'F we was ondly to Greaser's Flat-" "That's our only show," decisively interrupted Big George. "He'll get good care there, an' we must make the Gulch afore them hounds or all's lost! He'll stand it he must stand it. el we go slow.

As usual, the giant's will was law with his brothers, and neither of them ventured to dis-sent. Black Pepper was removed from the saddle, a handful of moss pressed into the wound, and then the displaced bandage firmly secured in place. A quantity of whisky was poured down his throat, which partially revived him. Once more he was placed in the saddle, the rope was replaced, while two of them aided in supporting him as the other led the way toward Greaser's Flat, at a slow walk. Though less than two miles had to be traversed, the trail was so intricate and rough, that fully as many hours were occupied in reaching their

Dawn was near at hand, but Greaser's Flat was all alive -a perfect p ndemonium; yelling cursing, the sounds of fighting mingling with rude, twanging music. Around the glowing ous, repulsive scene. Yet the brothers did not

hesitate. As though by magic the uproar was stilled as

That they were well revealed their persons. known and feared was plain.

Big George dismounted and strode forward, calling aloud for Diego el Cojo. A little lame fellow immediately left one of the gamingtables and hobbled forward, grinning obsequi-

'My brother is hurt and needs looking after," said Big George, tersely. "I must leave him in your charge. You will watch and nurse him as your own life. I will come for him in a day or two. If he is not alive and well, I will cut your throat. You know me. On his life hangs your own. Off with you, now, and get ready for him."

The Mexican ventured no reply, but hopped away, closely followed by the brothers. Black Pepper was carried into the little but, and placed upon a rude bed. The Mexican bent over him for a moment, then arose, with an air

"He will live, senor. In one week from now he will be ready for the saddle or the an-

So much the better for you, then!' rudely answered Big George, turning away and mounting his horse. "On, boys! there comes the run! We must make the Gulch in time to get ready for those bloodhounds!"

But he was doomed to be disappointed, reck lessly as they pushed their animals. An hour later, and when they were still five miles as crow flies, from their retreat, they made this discovery. Big George was riding in front. They were nearing the crest of a high ridge. In the valley beyond lay the direct trail to the gulch—in fact the only one at all practicable for horses. A grating curse broke from the giant's lips as he stooped low in the saddle and reined back his horse.

Too late! they're ahead of us!" he snarled Dismounting, the brothers crept forward, peering down into the valley. Full two score orsemen were trotting past, heading up the valley, and so close at hand that more than one face could easily be recognized. At their

head rode Barton Noble and Dardy Dave.
"There's only one chance," growled Big
George. "We must leave the critters and try it over the hills. They won't care about ridin' in too brash, thinkin' we're thar. Mebbe they 'll fool away enough time fer us to git in the back way. Anyhow, it's all that's left us."

Stripping their horses they hid saddles and bridles, then made all possible speed along the tangled trail. It was hard work, especially for the dwarf, but they were playing for large stakes, and accomplished wonders. The distance was traversed more rapidly than one would suppose, and soon they were within a quarter of a mile of their retre t. But the worst remained. An almost perpendicular cliff had to be scaled, and this could only be done by means of the lasso. This consumed much precious time.

Without pausing for breath, Big George slid down into a deep ravine just across the divide, followed by his brothers. With their aid he pushed aside a heavy bowlder, revealing a narrow opening in the hillside. Entering, they pulle I the stone back again, by means of the lasso, then groped their way along the narrow tunnel as best they could in the intense darkness, for full fifty yards.

Then a faint light showed before them, sift-ing through a dense clump of vine-matted bushes. Close to this Big George paused, bending

his ear intently. He started back, stifling a furious curse. The sound of voices were now audible. one at least was that of an enemy - that of old They were too late! The enemy was ahead

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345)

COMING. BY MARIE LE BARON.

Oh, stars, ye are too bright, too bright; The little birds that sing at night Sing all too loud, too loud; I list to hear my love's heart beat, I wait the coming of love's feet!

Sweet roses, ope your crimson hearts. To kiss of night's warm air;
All flowers have their counterparts,
The rose is my love fair;
Burn out in passion's splendid flower,
A flame to light love's languid hour.

Ye winds that play with growing leaves
And seek the sweets of earth,
Lie quiet where the moonbeam weaves
A web of shadow birth,
Nor dare to touch with tenderest care
One ringlet of my darling's hair.

Oh, list, she comes! Fall down, bright dew, Her crown; she is night's queen; Pale, sky, at sight of eyes so blue, Like laughing eyes in sheen; Throb, pulse, I would not have ye dumb, Count fairy footsteps as they come!

## Corsairs of History

I.-LAFITTE, THE "PIRATE OF THE GULF." BY COL. PRENTIS INGRAHAM.

Upon the gulf shores of the present State of Mississippi still stands an old mansion, which a century ago was the home of a French nobleman and his two sons, driven from the land of "sunny France" as an exile.

With sufficient wealth left to purchase for himself and sons a comfortable home in the New World, to which he fled, the old exiled noble passed his days in the improvement of his possessions and the education of his boys, who were of the age of twelve and fourteen

when they landed in America For years after their arrival in this country, the exiles lived in comfort and contentment together, if not in happiness, and soon became devoted to the land of their adoption, though they missed from around their homestead hearth th loved form of wife and mother, who lay buried cross the seas, having died a year before they had sailed from St. Maloes.

Without the gentle influence of woman's presence, the two boys grew up to man's esate, unchecked in their wayward, and somewhat wild career, and far and wide were known as splendid horsemen, crack shots and swords men, and thorough seamen, for their lands led down to the waters of the gulf, upon which the youths passed days of their lives.

At the time of Commodore Patterson's atnen, and thorough seamen, for their lands led

But a shadow crossed the threshold of their tack, the pirate fleet numbered ten vessels, all door, for between the brothers there suddenly under command of Jean Lafitte, then holding sprung up a hatred as bitter as their love for each other had formerly been strong, and the secret of this change of feeling was that both upon their fort and vessels, and many made trepidity which could lead men to meet them

they trotted into the square, and the firelight ing, so infuriated him that, Cain like, he determined upon revenge.

Returning late one night from the home of his ladylove, the elder brother was suddenly startled by the sharp report of a rifle, a flash, and a mad plunging of his horse, while a sud-den and piercing pain shot through his head, causing him to reel in his saddle and fall heavily to the ground, just as the form of a man rapidly approached the spot. But the aim of the would-be assassin was un-

certain, and the ball had but momentarily stunned its intended victim, who, springing to his feet, grappled with his surprised assailant, and drove a knife into his heart:
With a cry of horror he started back, as a

clouds and showed him that he had slain his own brother.

"Oh, Goal Thou hast given me greater misery than I can bear!" he cried, in an agony of grief, as he staggered toward his horse, sprung into his saddle and dashed madly away.

For miles and miles he kept on at the same nad pace, until his tired horse suddenly stopped at the banks of a bayou, where, riding at anchor, was a small vessel that had evidently come in there to seek a haven from the storm, that had been sweeping over the waters of the gulf for some days past.

Against the bank was tied a small viraguo, which, after turning his horse loose, the sor-rowing man entered, and steered directly for

That fugitive from home, from justice, from imself, was Jean Lafitte, the one who, in after years, became famous as the "Pirate of the Gulf."

From that night Jean Lafitte shut out from his heart all memories of country, home, father and brother, and an outcast, with the stain of Cain against him, became a wanderer, leaving stigma upon his name and character behind him, and not knowing, until long after, that his aged father had never spoken again after the knowledge that one of his beloved sons had taken the other's life, or that ere a year had gone by after that fatal midnight meeting by the road side, the woman of his love, the idol of his affections, had gone to an early tomb, the victim

Sailing from the shores of America that same night of bitter memories, Jean Lafitte left behind him a name accursed, disdaining, when his brother's blood rested upon his soul, to clear himself by condemnation of the dead.

After several voyages in different ships, to Europe, Africa, and to the "ndies, Lafitte became the mate of a vessel, that, in a heavy gale off the Cape of Good Hope, was seriously injured, which caused the captain to bear up for the Mauritius, where, as he had had a quarre with his commander, Lafitte refused to continue the voyage, and remained.

Soon after Lafitte was appointed captain of a privateer then in port, and putting to sea, he at once began a course of piracy, and after a long cruise he turned his vessel into a slaver, carrying a cargo which he intended to dispose of at the Mauritius.

Chased out of his course by an English frig ate-of-war, Lafitte found he had not provisions sufficient to last him, so boldly attacked, with his schooner of two guns and twenty-six men, an armed war vessel, vastly his superior in w and cannon.

Taking command of his new capture, Lafitte cruised upon the Bengal coast, where he fell in with the Pagoda, a ship carrying twenty-six guns and one hundred and fifty men, and be-

nging to the East India company. With his true character unsuspected, Lafitte boarded the Pagoda and took possession of her

after a sharp conflict.

Returning then to the Mauritius, Captain Lafitte took command of La Conflance, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and fifty men, and sailed for India, where, off the Land Heads, in the fall of 1807, he fell in with the East Indiaman, Queen, which was manned with a crew of four hundred men, and carried

Though he well knew how superior to him attempt her capture, and having made his men, by a few ringing words, willing to follow him the death, he boldly ran down upon the Queen, and boarding her over the stern drove the enemy before them toward the steerage, when Lafitte turned upon them one of their own guns, when the English surrendered, and

the slaughter, which had been fearful, ceased. From that victory Lafitte won a name as a most intrepid and daring seaman.

From the Indian Ocean Lafitte sailed for the Gulf of Guinea, capturing en route two richly-freighted vessels, and with his booty he steered for St. Maloes, his native place, arriving there in safety.

For some time the pirate chief, or as he call ed himself, the privateersman, remained at his native place, engaged in visiting the scenes of his boyhood, and the old haunts known to his grandfathers before him for many generations but tiring at length of a quiet life he set to work again, and fitting out a fast sailing and seaworthy brigantine, he armed her with twenty guns, and manned her with a crew of one hun-

dred and fifty men. In this vessel he sailed, still calling his craft a French privateer, for Guadaloupe, and from thence to various points among the West India Islands, making a number of valuable prize From there he sailed to Carthagena, and then

to Barrataria, where he eventually established a most formidable piratical stronghold. Barrataria is that part of the Louisians past west of the Mississippi, between Bastier bay on the east, and Bayou ta Fourche on the west; about two leagues from the open sea is the harbor, and the island which was the rendezvous of the smugglers and pirates, for an illicit trade was carried on in those days by many merchants of New Orleans and the Bar ratarians, the numerous bayous, passes and la goons, intersecting the land from the coast to New Orleans, forming a perfect network of

communication. Becoming most formidable after a while, and more audacious in their act, the government of the United States sent an armed expedition, under Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross to attack the Barratarians and break up their stronghold, though most of the piratical crafts were then sailing under Carthagenian colors, having received commissions from the newly-

under command of Jean Lafitte, then holding with a number of his best men at his back, he the rank of commodore; but, not desiring to sprung to the point of danger, cutlass in hand,

white flag.

Observing her strange maneuvers, first hostile toward the Barratarians, and then peaceful, Captain Lafitte went out in his barge to econniter, and came upon the brig's pinnace rowing ashore under a flag of truce.

In the pinnace were two officers, one of whom hailed the pirate barge and inquired for Lafitte. Desiring to remain incognito, until he knew their intention, Lafitte replied that they could see that person on shore, and received from one of the officers a sealed package addressed to M.

The unknown chief then invited them to the shore, and when their pinnace was near enough to the land to be in his power, he informed them that he was Lafitte, and that he would protect them from his crew, but that they must conceal from them the object of their visit.

A large crowd of pirates lined the shore as the barge and pinnace arrived, and a cry arose to seize the English as spies and carry them to

the American army at New Orleans.

But Lafitte quelled the tumult and led the English officers in safety to his quarters, where, making them his honored guests, be broke the seal of the package addressed to him, and eager-

ly perused the contents. The package contained a "proclamation addressed by Col. Edward Nicholls, in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and commander of the land forces on the coast of Florida, to the nhabitants of Louisiana." A letter from the same person to "Monsieur Lafitte, commandof Barrataria," and an official letter from the Honorable W. H. Percy, commander of the

British sloop-of-war Hennes. Captain Lockyer, the bearer of these letters, and commander of the brig-of-war that was an chored in the pass, then made known to Lafitte that it was proposed that he should enter the service of Great Britain, with the rank of post captain, and be placed in command of a forty four-gun frigate; to this was added "a free pardon for himself and followers, if they would join, with their commander, the service of England;" also, a check for thirty thousand dollars, payable at Pensacola, was to be given him if he accepted the terms.

Lafitte replied to Captain Lockyer that he required several days for consideration, and departed from the island, giving orders to e his visitors conducted safely back to their

But the pirates were determined to seize up on the English crew of the pinnace, and in a short while they, with their officers, were securely bound by the infuriated mob, who intended sending them to New Orleans.

Word was at once sent after Lafitte, who re-

turned and once more quelled the mutiny, but not without bloodshed, and Captain Lockyer departed with his men and were soon on board

The next morning, Lafitte having determined apon the course he would pursue, addressed the following letter to the brig's commander, send ng it by a special messenger:

"BARRATARIA, 4th Sept., 1814.

"To CAPTAIN LOCKYER. SIR: The confusion ich prevailed in my camp yesterday, and this prining, and of which you have a complete knowlege, has prevented me from answering, in a present the summer, to the object of your mission, nor, on at this moment, can I give you all the satisfact you desire. However, if you could grant me a thight, I would be entirely at your disposal at end of that time.

You may communicate with You may communicate with me by sending a

You have inspired me with more confidence 

Appearing by this letter to favor the plans of the English, Lafitte thereby gained ample time to carry out his views, which were so idely different from what was desired by the

Arming himself with the letter left in his sion, the intrepid seaman boldly entered ew Orleans, where a large price was set upon is head, and placed before Governor Claiorne, then the chief magistrate of the State, ad General Jackson, the offers made him by English, while he at the same time tender ed the services of himself and followers in be half of the American cause, asking only "that stop be put to the proscription against himself and his adherents, by an act of oblivion whose life was one long drama of crime for all that had been done them before.

In his own words he said: "I am the stray heep, wishing to return to the fold, and it you were fully acquainted with my past life he cause of my embittered career, and the na ture of my offences, I should appear less guilty and, perhaps, still worthy to discharge the du ties of a good citizen."

Should not a favorable answer be returned, Lafitte declared it his intention of at once quitting the country, to "avoid the imputa-tion of having co-operated with the enemy."

At the expiration of the fortnight, the brig gain appeared on the coast, accompanied by ers, and Lafitte sent word to Captain Lockyer that he "had decided to refuse the enerous offer made by England to a pirate hief," and with this answer the British vessels

of-war were put to sea.

The result of Lafitte's interview with Govrnor Claiborne and General Jackson, was free pardon to himself and adherents, should hey enroll themselves in the American army

Most of the pir tes of Barrataria accepte these terms, and during the battle of New Or eans, ever memorable in American history von the greatest praise, and honored distinction by their gallant services, for under their aring leader, the buccaneers, as artillerists, oured a galling fire upon the British line, which recoiled in dismay from before that fa-

tal river battery.

Says an eye-witness of the battle:

"A twenty-four pounder, placed in the third embrasure from the river, drew, from the fatal skill and activity with which it was maneven in the heat of battle, the admiration of both Americans and British, and became the point most dreaded by the advancing foc. "Here was stationed Lafitte, and his lieuten

ant, Dominque, who, with a band of their men, fought with unparalleled bravery.

"Two other batteries were manned by the Barratarians, who served their pieces with the steadiness and precision of veterans.

"A column of the enemy pressing forward cleared the ditch, and leaping over the parapet gained the guns further up the line, when Latte discovering the hold move called out in fitte, discovering the bold move, called out in

"Boarders, repel boarders! follow me!" and

chor in the entrance of the pass, and hoisted a | though made famous by his gallant exploits, and considered as an honorable citizen, tired of a life of ease, for there was a demon in his soul, a "still, small voice" of remorse that forced him to seek scenes of excitement, to drown his bitterness.

In vain he struggled against this burning de sire to again sail under the flag of the free, and to impress himself with the innocent past, ere his life had known sorrow or crime, visited the home by the gulf, where he had passed in hap-piness many of his youthful years, in the companionship of his father, brother, and the woman of his love.

The old mansion he found in ruins, the tomb of his father and slain brother overgrown with rank weeds, and but a simple, moss-clad mound to mark the resting-place of the maiden he had

so mailly loved. Still more embittered by the sad change which Time had wrought, Lafitte decided upon his future course, and returning to New Orleans fitted out a swift-sailing vessel, which he rmed, and manned with a number of his old followers, proceeded to Galveston Bay, Texas, in 1819, and offered his services to General Long, who commissioned him, authorizing him to or-

ganize a fleet and assume command thereof.

This Lafitte did, and he was the first man vho commanded a vessel sailing under a Tex-

But the pirate chief could not still his yearngs for a more active, daring career, and ere long his acts brought down the vengeance of the United States government upon him, and an | bay. American vessel-of-war was sent into the Gulf of Mexico to watch the famous rover's movenents, although at that time he had been ap-

ointed Governor of Galveston.

Having heard of several of his cruisers bend of Justice was against him, and in a fit and fell dead in his tracks, desperation he fitted out a large and fast-

f, hearing that Lafitte himself was at sea, ery tall masts, with sails as white as the driv-

of the strange sail, she bore down upon her, owding every inch of canvas.

The stranger was Lafitte, who, determined o sell his life dearly, beat to quarters and ling force in the other canoes began to tell and the Indians gained rapidly.

The sloop-of-war reserved her fire until near er foe, and then poured in a terrific broadside, followed by volleys of small arms. The fire was most disastrous, and many of the

parates were killed, but Lafitte remained un-nurt; and turned to meet the British, who were coording him over his starboard bow, and a errific combat eusued.

Lafitte received two wounds, a deep cut in his side, and a shot that broke the bones of his ight leg, but yet, fought like a tiger, his darng crew imitating his example

At length Lafitte fell to the deck, and by his ide fell, severely wounded, the captain of the loop-of-war; unable to rise, but with the fires unconquered hatred burning within him, the pirate raised himself upon his arm to drive his dagger to the heart of the Englishman, but his aim faltered, for the tide of his life was ebbing fast, and the blade descended into the thigh of the officer, was withdrawn, lacerating the wound with despairing vengeance; and again was the keen weapon raised, while with his left hand the pirate chief felt for his foe's heart; for his eyes were already blinded by the approach of death; again the dagger deended, burying itself deep in the cheek, though the hand that drove it was palsied on the instant by death, and Lafitte, the pirate of

the Gulf, was a corpse. trait to make him an ornament to society, but

## HONEYMOON REFLECTIONS.

BY J. ASHBY STERRY

The fetters Cupid forges
Were riveted quite hard and fast,
Last Monday, at St. George's.
A shoddycrat with ample means,
A priest intoning neatly,
A bishop and two rural deans,
Have tied the knot completely.

And so you're on your honeymoon,
And wear a golden fetter;
You speculate—'tis rather soon—
"Is 't for worse or better?"
You're thinking of a year ago—
Twas just such sunny weather—
But somehow time went not so slow
When we were two together.

A year ago, those pretty eyes A world of truth reflected; A world of truth renected:
A year ago, your deepest sighs
I never half suspected:
A year a o, my tale I told,
And you were glad to listen;
You were as pure, as good as gold,
Or any maid fresh kissen.

In life's brief play you chose your part,
Poor little foolish vendor!
You sold your trustful, loving heart
For shoddy and for splendor.
The sky so blue, the sea so glad
Brings joyous recollections;
And yet you seem a world too sad
For honeymoon reflections.

## A Wild Adventure.

Rip Ford were trapping in the Arkansas River region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their own hands too often to care for the dangers they were exposed to. Old Rip was a man who stood five eet eleven in his moccasins - a man whom you ne marks of many a desperate struggle. Bucksin Sam" was the beau ideal of a moun dreams of and wishes some day to be. Alter, only to be though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate. The Indians, secret of this change of feeling was that both of them loved the same woman, a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighboring Though a coquette, as most women at best are, and have a right to be as an offset to the wiles of designing men, the maiden could not love both brothers, though she strove hard to so; but yet she was more deeply interested in the eldest youth, which, the younger discover
secret of this change of feeling was that both of them in an of great personal strength and desperate the many a year these two had upset the cange, and pressed by the suddenness of the charge, which was made upon the Barratariate though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a the suddenness of the charge, which was man of great personal strength the suddenness of the charge, which was for powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a though not so powerful as Old

They had been out all winter, and as spr approached, the last cache was covered and the trappers began to think of returning home. The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Canadian which flowed through dismal canyons, in which the light of day never shows, under the shadow of giant cliffs upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids, and abounded in rare fish upon which they feasted royally for many a day. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that, in order to save time I am ready to take the chances if you are.

Rip," said Sam. "I don't like it," replied Ford, who was by far the most prudent of the two. "I—ha! what in Jehu is that?" They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass, blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating-rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks and began their grad-ual approach, which could only end in one way

the white trappers would be overwhelmed! 'There's only one chance, Rip," cried Sam.

The canoe."

"I am your man," cried the giant trapper.
"You push the canoe into the water and throw in the weapons while I keep these fellows at bay. Oh! would you? Take that."

An Indian had raised his tufted head to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back, the unfailing eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprung suddenswept from the seas, Lafitte found that the ly to his feet, spun sharp around upon his heel,

ailing brigantine, mounting sixteen guns, and bank and headed down through the boiling e put to sea without commission, hoisting the lack flag of the pirate, which up to that time had never sailed under.

A British sloop-of-war, then cruising in the lack flag of the pirate, which up to that time had never sailed under.

A British sloop-of-war, then cruising in the lack flag of the pirate, which up to that time before the trappers were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet and uttered a low signal-whoop, and two large canoes, conletermined to make war upon all nations and neither to ask or give quarter, went in search of him, and one morning sighted "a long, dark-looking vessel, low in the water, but having the ladians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the canoes dashed by at a fusnow."

As the sloop-of-war had the weather-gage rious speed, the wild yell of the paddlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued. The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water where the current was only five miles an hour, and there the propel-

> On each side of the canoe the canyon was like a wall, two hundred feet in hight, and the trappers could only put all their strength in paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles further and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons as they saw the white men almost in their grasp. Rip Ford shook his head as he looked over his sh ulder, when suddenly his cance was seized by a nighty force and hurled downward, like a bulet from a rifle. They had struck another rapd more powerful than the first, and the rocks solutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the daring Buckskin Sam. "How we do move." "I should say we did, old boy," replied Rip.

'I am only afraid we are moving too fast."
"Don't you believe it; those fellows seem to be standing still," said Sam.
"They will get in the current in a moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that."

The headmost cance of the Indians appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after the trappers at a furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles, with the exception of the man who sat at the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on one side, now on the other, regulated the course of the canoe. The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore. As they gazed, as it struck a brown rock in the channel which Thus perished Jean Lafitte, the "Pirate of the Gulf," a man endowed with every noble current caught the stern, and in an instant current caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the craft, save bro-ken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror were borne swirty on by the resistless tide. "That ends them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a scene of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemy would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils that surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the canoe before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them, for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and the trappers rushed into a canyon barely twenty feet wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff on each side. The current was not quite so rapid here and they guided the canoe easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said Sam, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going—" "To our death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear

Through the splash of the water and the dip of the paddles, they heard a low, dead, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling wa-For a moment, the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly, saying: "Better than the scalpingknife or stake, old friend; as the Frenchman says: 'vive la mort!' Long live death!"

It was, indeed, before them; for as they shot out of the narrow pass they saw the fall before them—how high they could not tell, but BY KIT CARSON, JP.

the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one. "Keep her head to it," cried Rip. "If we don't get through it's good-by orever, Sam."

The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist and went down into would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard, brown face was power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, seamed with scars from bullet, kuife and claws of wild beasts, and his muscular body showed Far below them the canoe floated, and as the current swept them down the two men looked back, in time to see the Indian cance come over taineer and plainsman, the western hunter the fall sideways without an occupant. It that the novelist paints and the schoolboy was hurled far out, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong arm of



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### Sunshine Papers. After the First.

AFTER the first, what do we do? Well, we still live, despite our temerity in daring to defy fashionable mandates. And, moreover, we had such days! Days that will remain ineffaceable in life's picture-gallery. Days so free, and joyous, and healthy, they made us hate to think of town, and society, and "fall styles," and return to the world. In fact we knew nothing of any world outside of the little one, girdled about with hillsides and feathery forst-lands, around which we wandered as carelessly and idly as the silvery, wanton thistledown that sailed past us on every autumn breeze. We had cut the world—"cut it dead." To be sure, it might have occupied the same position toward us; for our last obstinate freak it might have regarded us as renegades and outcasts; or it might have forgotten our existence entirely; such possibilities had no more power to trouble us than had the consciousness that we were entirely at sea concerning election returns and foreign news, who was married, who was dead, and what was the latest

You see we had always wondered by authority of what divine right Madame Fashion decreed that everybody should bestir, upon the first day of autumn, to return to town, and be up and gone upon the second. We even fell speculating upon the probable results of snapping our fingers in the dictatorial dame's face, and doing as we, and not as she, pleased And, lastly, we drew a very long and defiant breath, and said that every one else might flit, with the outgoing of August, from their summer retreats, but we were going to stay "after the first," and see what pleasures autumn could fur-

At first, when all the evening promenades and dances were over, and only dozens of empty, melancholy-looking chairs stared solemnly at us,

while all below and above us stretched the long, deserted dining-room, we felt

> -like one Who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed!"

But, there are few conditions of life to which one cannot, in time, grow accustomed. soon commenced to enjoy the inviting littleness of our table, and the genial largeness of the parlor, with only ourselves to scatter our books, and work, and autumn treasures, all about it, as pleased us, and group about the blazing wood fire in the twilights, and gather around the standard light of the little tables to read and write of an evening. And the quiet, and sense of unity, and cozy comfortableness, was exquisite after the noisy enjoyment, and mixed throng, and silly chattering to partners, that had prevailed there so long. If the piazzas were dark and deserted, and there were no brilliant, manly eyes in which to glance, while walking there in the cool nights, there were myriad stars overhead just as brilliant, and far ore calm and truthful; and near were the black, solemn, uprising mountains, standing gloomy and stately under the pale autumn moonlight, filling the soul with more absolute happiness and grander passions than any whisperings of an escort's lips. With the mantle folded closely, those lonely promenades were glorious; and for companionship one could stand at the long windows and take a survey of the restful scene within the parlor; until, at length, a step would cross the bridge, down by the belt of woodland, and come plodding up the drive, and the great excitement of the fourand-twenty hours would gather and cultivate about the little packet of papers and letters laid upon the center-table. Then, when the mail had been examined and commented upon, and we had chatted awhile longer over a dish of fruit and glasses of milk, we would go early to bed. Remembering that such a course of conduct is popularly preached to foreshadow health, wealth, and wisdom, if accompanied by early rising, we resolved to try a new experiment, and test the pleasures of vari-To be sure, sunshiny mornings had a great deal to do with our virtuous adherence to those eminently hygienic resolves, and cloudy mornings were not worthy of record in

regard to the hours at which we arose. But, if our early meetings upon the piazza, in the crispy air, resulted in no added wisdom or worldly goods they afforded opportunities for "lots of fun." There were the horses to ride to the brook; which, being done with utter scorn for such conventional artifices as saddles and bridles, and generally at a wild race, offered elegant opportunities for new inventions in gymnastics and high and lofty tumbling. we were too cool and lacked appetite, there was a challenge to a game of quoits; and both miseries were rapidly dissipated as the heavy irons vere thrown from stake to stake. Often we sat down to breakfast with saucers of dewy sweet blackberries by our plates, for which we had but just rifled the thickets; or decorated the table with fresh ferns and the late bloom ing buttercups and daintily-fingered purple dai-

sies, while our eggs were boiling.
Through the clear, glorious autumn days we bathed in yellow sunshine upon the piazza, while we read, embroidered, or wrote by the tables we wheeled out there. We climbed the barns and the mountains, and brought strengthened muscles from each, and stores of gorgeous eaves, and delicate ferns, and trailing vines, and dry, feathery grasses, and pale, crisp immortelles, and graceful pink tree-blossoms from the latter. We explored rocky ravines, and tramped miles to enjoy ten minutes of estatic admiration before some snowy trail of water. We swung croquet-mallets and flails—

Yes, actually flails: like the ones we remem ered pictured between the horrible indigo covers of old Webster spelling-books. We were quite away from modern civilization andagents." If ever any of those seemingly omniscient gentlemen dared climb these everlast ing hills, and set forth the glories of some new have received too little welcome ever to come again, for the sound of the flail, and the scythe and such relics of agricultural barbarism prevailed in that land. When the pink-stalked buckwheat was ready for threshing, after narrowly escaping visiting each other with all manner of terrible calamities, we learned to swing those mysterious-jointed sticks that remind one of tall, loosely-built Yankees. And we had threshing bees. Fun it was, too, to set up the little red sheaves along the barn floor like arranging a line of partners for a Virginia reel, and then whip them down and pound at their powdery heads. Then they had to be all tossed over, and like a gallant line of soldiers we charged upon the enemy again, beating it severely with every advancing step. Then we raked the stalks lightly away, and gathered to gether the wheat and the chaff for the winnow

stealing through the forests, and picking our way across marshes, hunting impudent little birds that would not stand still and be shot. But oh! the great excitement when an occa sional innocent victim was brought down, and we had some trophy to carry back with us. No doubt those little wings will be worn in town, more proudly than any ornament of gold or precious stones. And the grand storms, when the rain came down in blinding spray, and the mountains near and far were fold impenetrable gray mists, and the wind shriek ed about the house like lost spirits of summer wailing over their rapturous dead life, how we enjoyed those! Grander still was the breaking up of such a storm; the wonderful cloud enery, the blazing gold of the sunshine, the changing faces of the mountains, mantling themselves in miracles of crimson and orange and over all the deepest blue sky, all flecked with torn bits of white clouds, smiling down upon the decay of the year, passing away in a glow of flame and defiance, most beautiful of all seasons in its death

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### THE CUIDE-BOARD.

NO. V.

And when the road forks ary side, And you're in doubt which one it is, Stand still, and let your conscience gu Thank God, it can't lead you far am

THE trouble with us is that we will not stand still. We are too reckless, too heedless, and too forgetful of the admonitions of concience to pay any attention to the words on the old guide-board. The guide-board is ancient, and we are young, and we think we know best. There are few who let their conciences trouble them in the least, until one would think that consciences were thought by

to the cross-roads, and, because they would not stop long enough to let their consciences guide them, have rushed headlong into the wrong path and brought disgrace upon themselves and untold misery upon their relatives and friends.

A person's conscience will rarely lead one astray if a person would but listen to it. have said, we are too heedless to give it defer-

ential attention. In the gloomy cell, and with the sun shining for the last time on one who will, to-morrow be executed for his deed of blood, conscience may be listened to. Then it will be heard. Memories will sweep through the brain, of times when the criminal was young and innocent. Visions will come of a happy home, of kind parents, of affectionate brothers and sis ters, who pointed out to him the right road, but in which he refused to walk. With Eternity so near, he remembers all these things and sees how vile and wicked he has been.

Now there are thousands around us who are plessed with good homes and kindly hearts to cheer them, but who have come to the roadforks. Some rush ahead, never stopping to think whither they are going, until, sinking into a quagmire, they find it too late; they have taken the wrong road.

Others pause and have a talk with their concience, and conscience tells them that, though the road may look pleasant, it is full of bram bles and quagmires, and that serpents lurk in

many a bush. Conscience points out the temptations and dangers—it shows youth the many pitfalls in the path, that roses have thorns and that briers will tear and scratch. It shows him that, no matter how much wealth a man has, if he has not come by it honestly, it gives him no oleasure. It reveals to his vision how many bright and promising geniuses have had their ambition blunted and lives wrecked because they did not make a conscience of their art.

A person may have a great gift for writing, have the rare ability of expressing his words in such a manner as to delight the read ing public; yet, if he uses his gift to write im moral stories, and says things that will make the world worse and not better, he is abusing his gift. He does not consult his conscience for, if he did, it would tell him what a wrong road he was on.

An actor gifted with the eloquence of a De mosthenes, and with the talent of a Roscius certainly requires recognition of his ability But should he choose to "star" in immoral dramas, he would soon forfeit our good re-

When authors and actors enter upon their career, they should pledge themselves to do naught but what their conscience dictates. I nention authors and actors particularly be cause their influence upon the community is great. The stories we read and the plays we see acted should be of such a character as to lead us upward, not downward.

No conscientious manager will have a de-moralizing drama put on his stage, no more than a conscientious editor will have a story with a bad moral published in his paper. If people will have naught but what is immoral, are those who tender the good things to them to be blamed?

The guide-board says, "Danger!" but how ed it! How many hundreds—I might say thousands—have seen the truth of the expression: "Marry in haste and repent at lei are," and have told others of their experience and yet how many other thousands continue to marry in haste," to be followed by the re-

penting at leisure. My dear friends, I may have seemed some what preachy, and my words may avail nothng, yet I have striven to show you how much you gain by following, and how much you los by not listening to, conscience when the road forks "ary side." EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers. Concerning Women.

EVERYBODY knows what women are—there 'll take that back in the start, for it is hard to ell what most women really are, and I don't want to say what isn't true for fear I might get o telling lies. Women belong to the class of nankind-allow me to take that back, if you please, for there are many women who vow hey don't and never will belong to man-kind while others flourish under the idea that man

kind belongs to them, and so they have it. Women constitute a part and parcel of the emale gender, and have a feminine appearance and habits. It was a woman who first caused Adam to earn her bread by the sweat of his brow—the race of Adam still exists.

The race of women are divided into two kinds, one kind and another kind, and they constitute the greatest portion of the popula tion of Massachusetts—one wife for every man, and the last man takes the balance.

If there are no women present I would like o speak of a few of them in particular—in a low voice, however.

### THE GOOD WOMAN. She is an honor to her sex, and money in

the pocket of her husband. She is worth one hundred cents on the dollar. The gentle and captivating smile of tenderness always floats over the undulations of her serene counten ance like a balmy breath of palpable perfume from the odorous groves of the Orient, when at eventide and everything is still except the beating of her wifely heart, she puts a dutiful heel in our affectionate pair of socks. The ex quisite grace and tender condescension with which she sews a button on the neck of your shirt, prevents you getting mad and cutting your washwoman's bill down one half. The gentle manner in which she pours out your evening tea makes you drink it without notice ing the hot or caring for the fly in it. She oreaks down the hinges of the gate in waiting for you. You are the only heathen for whom she embroiders anything. You think just as much of her in a calico dress as you would in a satin one—if not more. She be lieves everything you say—which may be a good deal. Her relatives are all pretty well off and rigid stav-at-homes. She never combs your head with the legs of the skillet, smoothes your hair with the unkindly end of a Household ways are pleasant to her proom. feet, and she doesn't wear out many shoes therein. When there is a noise as of burglars in the house, her husband doesn't have to ask her more than three or four times to go downstairs to investigate the cause, and the morning fires! ah, there is where woman's glory shows the brightest! What would the morning fires be if not make by the gentle hand of loving woman? She keeps the hearth warm, which would make us shiver to do. The good woman may occasionally put the buttons on the wrong melancholy-looking chairs stared solemnly at us, in formal rows, like mourners at a funeral, from the walls of the great parlor, and we gathered about our tiny table to breakfast,

THE COMPLAINING WOMAN.

I have canvassed the whole town in search of her, but was always referred next door. find this much, however, that her biscuit are never as good as they ought to be, though she took pains; she will tell you how sorry she is that her bread wasn't as well as could be expected, but you must not condole with her to the extent of saying you are sorry also; she will complain at the general bad state of the dinner she sets before you, but you mustn't complain of it until you get away. ther has always the wrong side down and never the right side up. She complains of everything her husband does, and of everything he doesn't. She finally dies of habitual complaint.

THE GOSSIPING WOMAN She is very plenty, and where you see two sun-bonnets together across the neighborly fence, you can know she is on both sides. She is not as particular of her own dress as she is of another's; has passed the boundary line of the beautiful, and what she doesn't know in the neighborhood doesn't exist. She strikes only an average in her estimate of character, and you get the full benefit of the discount. one believes half what she says of you except your enemies, and woe to you if you ever fall into her hands—or rather into her mouth, as it

were. A FASHIONABLE WOMAN

She is generally a bad article done up in a valuable wrapping. Her sole desire is to make other women envy her, which is hate toned down, and she would prefer to be behind in her bills than to be behind the fashions. If other people had four eyes she would be just twice as fashionable. She affirms she lives just for her husband's sake, and it is very evident her husband is living only for her sake. Beneath her piled on silks all the fineness of her nature is hidden, and her husband scratches his head where it don't itch as he pauses to contemplate how it can be kept up without it keeping him

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMAN She is far in advance of the age, but is generally several years behind her own, and never loses an occasion to mount the platform and deliver the lecture which she gave her husband the night before. She is generally weak-chested, but strong-minded; would have the marriage-rite reversed; believes that woman was created first, and is therefore the best man, and her husband tenderly washes the dishes and thoughtfully spanks the young ones to sleep, and reflects upon how she three times refused

o marry him. THE SCOLDING WOMAN Occasionally on the road of life you will neet a woman whose tongue is a little rough on the edges, and sometimes you may marry that woman. There's where you will mistake; unless you are deaf, your happiest thing, besides getting married, would be to get measured for a divorce suit. She affectionate ly relieves you from all necessity of talking and gives you such large doses of the English language that to hear it will render you speech less. We read of operations where the surgeon removes portions of the skull, but you will look in vain for one who will be able to take the aw out of a woman. That thing never was

A woman who should be much sought after a runaway wife. A fairy woman—the fair one who delights to be at the fairs.

done, and every man who has undertaken the

job has died in the attempt.

A duck of a woman-one who gets a goose of a husband.

A woman who should be won (one)-a co The Coming Woman-your wife's aunt

But blessings rest upon the women! What would we be without them? Widowers; and if it were not for them this world would be full of bachelors, and the millinery business would be exceedingly poor. There is a great deal of bustle about women, nowdays. Femal-iarly yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time.

The Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal says: Citizens of Chesterfield report that beavers have recently returned to that country in large numers and cause much annoyance by their operations. They have also made their appearance in arge numbers in Cumberland and adjacent counriver. A great many of them have been caught in traps at different points. Many years ago beavers were very numerous in this county; but of recent years they have almost disappeared. Their reappearance on their old feeding grounds causes much surprise. eauses much surprise.

-Celia Logan denies that New York women are much given to opium, but asserts that ar-senic-eating, for improvement of complexion, is a common practice. She says: "A few years ago cosmetics containing bismuth were in general use, but were found to yellow the skin until it became tawny and created sores and pimples. The family doctor prescribed arsenical blood-purifiers. The patient was told to stop using these when the cyclids became puffy and she felt blooded, but it was pleasant to taste it ranged. bloated; but it was pleasant to taste, it rounded out the form and beautified the complexion. Therefore the doses were increased instead of diminished; and so prevalent now is arsenic-eat-ing that any one able to recognize the look it gives can pick out its victims."

-The Honesdale Chronicle says that George Gillespie, of Scott, Wayne county, Pa., while passing through the woods in that township, on passing through the woods in that township, on his way to hunt pigeons, saw crouching on the limb of a maple tree, about ten feet from the ground, a large catamount, and thoughtlessly fired a load of shot at the animal. It dropped to the ground and glared savagely at the hunter. Gillespie eluded it, and quickly put the contents of the other barrel into its face and eyes. This lined to surrender, and sprung about wildly at ter its assailant, guided by the sound of his feet. He clubbed it with his gun, and by several heavy blows succeeded in rendering it unconscious, when he cut its throat with a knife. The cata weighed sixty pounds.

—Has the typical German fair hair and blue yes? It was not a question of great scientific interest, but the Germans themselves wrangled over it until the Government was forced to order a regular census. On a certain day every schoo a regular census. On a certain day every school in Prussia had to make a return of the black and blue and brown color of the children's eyes. Many of the pupils came home on that day, telling their parents, with a mysterious air, that their eyes, and hair, and skin had been examined at school. The results of this anthropological commission have been published. The number of persons examined in Prussia was 4,127,766, and of that number 4,070,923 were under 14 years of age. With regard to the color of their eyes. of age. With regard to the color of their eyes, 42.97 per cent. had blue, 24.81 per cent. brown eyes. With regard to the color of the hair, 72 per cent. had blonde, 26 per cent. brown, and 1.21 per cent. black hair. With regard to the color of the skin, Prussia had only 6.53 per cent. of brunette complexion. In Bavaria the bru-

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Terrible Cost;" "Guy Auchester's Trouble;" "A Thanksgiving Romance;" "A Man's Blunder;" "Jennie, Lee and I;" "Writing a Story;" "Astray;" "Hourly Triumphs."

Declined: "Wooed with a Shell;" "The Garden;"
"Art and Artists;" "Mizonrah;" "Lost in the Hoogley;" "Bravely Won;" "Young Reefers;"
"Your Girl;" "The Rajah's Daughter;" "Beautiful Nature." ful Nature.

DINNY E. Corinne Cushman writes only for us. JOHN B. Side-whiskers are much worn, where hey are of good color and thick. STRONG SMOKER. The smell of nicotine will disappear with time and exposure to the sun's action.

S. M. F. We do not care to introduce the class of matter you remit. Try some other publication. E. W. D. No publisher or editor decides upon atter that he has not first carefully examined. J. G. E. Pull up the geranium roots, bury in earth, in the cellar—keeping them slightly damp.
P. S. H. Draco. A minor, having property, must have a guardian or parent to represent him in legal transactions.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE. The combination troupe amed we believe has dissolved for the winter. It was only organized for a summer campaign.

LANCASTER. If the trouble is constitutional, and always has been with you, it is probably incurable. It usually, however, comes from defective secretion, or repressed respiration. Consult a good medical man. JOHN L. W. "Lance and Lasso," in eleven numbers; "Sword Hunters," in eight numbers; nineteen in all—price, postpaid, six cents each, or one dollar and fourteen cents for the two sets.

John G. Thank you very much for calling atten-tion to the matter Of course it is wholly impos-sible for publishers to know what an advertise-ment sometimes may mean. No wonder the relig-ous papers named were "taken in."

STAY AT HOME. Too late now to remedy your lisappointment. You should have accepted the profered invitation and gone to the Exposition. Those who want the good things of life must not wait for them to come, but win them when the opportunity offers.

portunity offers.

ESTEPH, Akron. The horse Ten Broeek is a Kentuckian. His last feat of running five miles in 7.15.8-4 makes him the "champion" by 3.3-4 seconds. He is of pure Lexington blood—is a rich bay, sixteen hands and one inch high, and but four years old. He is owned by Mr. Frank B. Harper, son of "Old Harper," owner of Longfellow. Longfellow is also yet in Mr. Harper's possession. The address, we believe, is Midway, Kentucky.

A READER. No "apprentices" are taken in the Government Detective Service. Only the most skilled and well-known men are employed.—The pay of army officers rates all the way from one hundred to one thousand dollars per month. General inchief (Sherman) has the latter som.—We can not supply the papers containing "Death Notch."

supply the papers containing "Death Notch."

ABCDARIAN. The population of New York is just over a million, and of Brooklyn, just over a half million. Philadelphia is about one-fourth less than New York. London is three and one-fourth millions; Paris, one million and eight-tenths; Chicago, four hundred and twenty thousand. In estimating voters in this country, it is usual to give one ballot in every seven of the enumerated mass. Some manufacturing centers give one vote to every four of the enumeration.

JAMES L., Buena Vista, Ind , asks: "Can a rail JAMES L., Suena vista, ind, asgs: "Can a rail-road ticket bought a week ago, and marked 'Good for this day only,' be used next month, as unex-sected detention will prevent its use until that time?' Yes. Many court decisions declare that ull railroad tickets are good until used, and condi-tions "for this day only," or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no binding force what-sver.

time of genuineness, are of no binding force whatever.

Geretrede, Cambridge, Mass. Most certainly a lady should refuse the acquaintance of a gentleman who introduces himself, even if, as you say, "you like his looks very much, and feel sure he is a gentleman." The very fact that he has acted in the manner you describe, in trying to force his acquaintance upon you, proves conclusively that he is not a gentleman.—All cosmetics are injurious to the complexion if used habitually.—Trim your brown poplin with bias folds of velvet a little darker, and make the revers, pockets, and cuffs of the redingote of the same velvet.

MRS. Sadie Alham, says: "Not long since a young, unmarried man, a friend of mine, brought me a very pretty gift upon his return from a journey, and I accepted it. A lady friend of mine and her husband claim that I have no right to accept any gifts from gentlemen, while my husband and I maintain that it was a correct thing to do, and that it would have been more improper to refuse the kindly token of his remembrance. Will you settle the point for us, and state whether, in your opinion, there are not many cases which make it perfectly proper for a married lady to accept a gift from a gentleman?"—You did quite right in accepting the gift. Certainly, there are often cases where married ladies may, with unquestionable propriety, accept gifts from gentlemen. Not seldom a gentleman testifies to his affection for some dear male friend by presenting a gift to that friend is wife.

HATTIE M. S., writes: "While visiting in the country I met a very nice young gentleman; and

HATTIE M. S, writes: "While visiting in the HATTIE M. S., writes: "While visiting in the country I met a very nice young gentleman; and when he went away, he asked me to write to him, which I did, and we've written to each other for some time. But now I am home, and I am afraid my parents will scold if I get letters from him, and so I haven't answered his last letter. I feel very badly about it, because he will think I have so soon forgotten him, and I really like him. What would you think best for me to do?"—Tell the gentleman your trouble, and that you can not correspond with him longer unless you have your parents' consent; and if he cares much to hear from you, he will write and ask them to allow him to interchange letters with you. Also, we would advise you to immediately tell your parents about the affair. You will feel much happier, no matter how they view it, if you are conscious of doing nothing that you are obliged to keep a secret from them. Father and mother are, generally, a girl's truest friends and advisers.

MARTIN V., Pelham, asks: "What does 'full

are, generally, a girl's truest friends and advisers.

MARTIN V., Pelham, asks: "What does 'full dress' or a gentleman mean? What nice gift can I send to a married lady friend upon her birthday? What style of lady should a tall man, with blue eyes and light hair, choose for his wife. And how old should she be, if he is twenty-two?"—"Full dress" for a gentleman consists of a black dress-suit, white vest, white, or very light, tie, and light or white kids—Send the lady a choice basket of flowers or fruit.—A tall man, with blue eyes and light hair, should choose for his wife any style of lady whom he can devotedly love; but phrenologists would advise him to select his wife from among the dark-eyed and dark-haired maidens, and one not quite his own hight.—She should be two, three, four or five years younger than yourself.

WILLIE JORDAN, writes: "If I am smoking and

three, four or five years younger than yourself.

WILLIE JORDAN, writes: "If I am smoking and meet and walk with a lady, should I ask her to excuse the cigar? Is there any meaning in a young lady putting her ring on my finger and asking me to wear it for her awhile? Is there any significance in the wearing of rings by men?"—No; throw your cigar immediately away.—There is no particular meaning in the young lady's act; but she evidently trusts and likes you, or she would not give her ring to your care and be willing that people should see it and recognize it as hers upon your finger.—In some countries the rings worn upon gentlemen's hands have significance; but none in this.

ARABELLA. If you are "short and dumpy," have

ARABELLA. If you are "short and dumpy," have your skirts made to train somewhat, your waists made as long as possible, and wear polonaises or very long basques, and avoid panniers and bunchy overskirts. Your rosy complexion would be best set off by purples, dark browns, deep crimsons, and black. With black silk wear only delicate ruches of white and white lace, or very pale blue.

Twin Sisters, ask: "Is there any harm or impropriety in darkening the eyelashes and brows? What is the least hurtful way of crimping the hair? Is short hair in front still worn?"—If you have nice lashes and brows let them alone; but if your brows and lashes are disagreeably pale, there is no harm in darkening them; but you must do it very nicely, not to have it show. A fine camel's hair brush should be used, and a decoction of walnut juice; which, if made in the season, and kept bottled, will last through the year.—The least hurtful way of crimping the hair, is to do it carefully with hot irons. The hair should never be done up tightly over night, except on some soft papers.—Short, fluffy curis over the brow are very stylish.

Ben D., writes: "I love a young lady very much.

Short, fluffy curls over the brow are very stylish.

Ben D., writes: "I love a young lady very much, but she will not marry me, and I am about to mar ry another girl. Do you think I am wrong in preserving a picture of the first young lady, and the gifts that she has given me? How long before a wedding should the cards be sent? When two clergymen take part at a wedding, are fees presented to both?"—There will be nothing out of the way in your preserving your first friend's gifts and picture—unless you think they will be a source of grievance to your wife. Then it would be better to burn them.—Cards are issued from six weeks to ten days previous to the wedding.—Yes; both clergymen receive a fee. The groomsman, if you have one, attends to that matter.

gymen receive a fee. The grone, attends to that matter. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### WALKING IN THE LEAVES.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

To-day I walked adown the woodland pathway,
The path made bright with autumn's fairest flowers,
And all the air seemed steeped in golden splendor.

And all the air seemed steeped in golden splendor
And fragrance that made glad the fleeting hours!
And then I thought of how these hues must vanish,
How soon the red leaves turn to somber brown,
How death must come upon the blossoms tender
When autumn lays his golden scepter down.

How chill and cold within its frozen channel
The brook must be that sweeps through woodlands fair,
How mute must be the voice of summer songsters!
What somber hues the faded earth will wear!

What somber hues the faded earth will wear!
But now the oak is bright with golden beauty,
The sumae-tree in flaming scarlet glows,
The maple drops its red leaves on the hillside
When still in summer robes the willow grows.

I hear the nestling of the autumn breezes
That sweep through aisles of golden and amber
light,
And seem to mourn, in whispers soft and tender,
The hues that soon will vanish from our sight.

In yonder field the ripening grain is gleaming,
The meadowlands are bright with autumn flowers,
The blue-bird chants his song within the wood-

The blue-bird chants his song within the wood land
Or whispers in the snmmer's faded bowers.
Sing on, sweet bird, for other springs will blosson

Sing on, sweet bird, for other springs will blossom Where autumn's blight and winter snows have lain. And to each life that knows of bitter losing The summer flowers will bloom as bright again.

# Great Adventurers.

Soldier, Courtier, Statesman and Adventurer.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No name in modern English history excites more personal interest than that of Raleigh. The scholar and soldier; the intimate and favorite of Queen Elizabeth; the companion of Spencer and Shakspeare; the associate of all the great men of his day; the patron of settlement in North America; the founder of English Guiana; Rear-admiral in the navy; Governor of Jersey (one of the Channel Isles), etc., etc., etc.; and then his trial for treason, his confinement for thirteen years in the Tower, and final release; his expedition of conquest in Guiana, his re-arrest for treason, and execution—all mark a man of more varied fortune than belongs to any person of modern times.

Raleigh, born in 1552, was of good family and received what was then regarded as a good education, but at the early age of seventeen (1569) entered the army for service in France, under the great Coligni, in aid of the Huguenots, then passed to the Netherlands, to serve under the celebrated Prince of Orange, in the struggle against Spain. In these seven years he not only well learned the art of war, but won a proud name for gallantry. In 1576, in company with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he sailed on a voyage of exploration and settlement to the North American Continent, but the attempt to colonize Newfoundland failed, through the excessive severity of the winter. His restless spirit next found employ (1580) in Ireland, in suppressing the rebellion headed by the Earl of Desmond.

Raleigh then was of commanding person, and marked for his elegance of dress. His temper was genial and gay; but, ambitious to a remarkable degree, he was proud, independent and aggressive. This brought him to disagreements with the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who preferred charges that the Royal Council had to consider. These took him to "Court." then the center of all attraction and promo tion. His bearing before the council, his intelligence and ready wit secured the dismissal of the charges, and gave him an audience with Queen Elizabeth—whose admiration for fine-looking men was not the least notable trait in her character. The story that he laid his ele gant cloak over a muddy spot in the walk, for her to pass over to her carriage, is told to account for his becoming a "favorite" at court; but, whether this incident occurred or not, his own elegant person, his brilliant record as a soldier, his courtly manners, fine intelligence and sparkling conversation were quite sufficient mend him to the maiden queen's favor. Then follows his sudden rise to power and importance. He was knighted; he was given a half-dozen lucrative offices and received a grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited Irish estates of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond.

Possessed of ample means, he gratified his spirit of adventure by aiding his half-brother, Sir Humphrey, in a second expedition to Newfoundland (1583)—which, alas, was the last of the most gallant and loyal Gilbert, for his own little vessel foundered on its return, and all on board perished. Not disheartened, and still determined to obtain a vice-royal domain in the New World, Sir Walter obtained a new charter from Elizabeth, and in 1584 sent forth a new expedition of two vessels, to explore for a more genial country lying north of the Spanish possession called Florida.

The two captains, Amidos and Barlow, were very discreet men. They sailed by way of the Canaries and the Bahamas, and made the coast off North Carolina. The winds blowing off shore were laden with the sweetest fragrance; the air was balmy and pure; the coast, though lying low, was covered with richest verdure. They ran up along it, over a hundred miles, and then discovered that it was but an island, or sand-beach, which they had traced, for, entering an inlet (Hatteras), they were in a great sound (Pamlico).

. Then they communicated with the friendly and sociable natives, and after a most pleasant intercourse, and very profitable barter of trinkets for valuable furs, they ran up to a great island (Roanoke), where a real Indian queen entertained them quite royally. The vessels returned in the autumn of 1584, to report most flatteringly of the new land. The tobacco, potatoes and maize of their cargoes were all wholly new to Europe, and sold at great prices, as did also the furs, which made the voyage one of profit. Raleigh was so pleased with the results that he christened the land Virginia, in honor of the virgin queen—a compliment that pleased Queen Bess greatly, we are told.

A second expedition was organized, upon which Raleigh expended much of his fortune. It consisted of seven vessels (the largest of one hundred and twenty tuns burden \*), of which his kinsman, the admirable Sir Richard Grenville, was naval commander. It carried out men and material for a colony, and Ralph Lane for governor. The fleet safely reached Roanoke Island, June 29th, 1585. The colony was landed and Sir Richard sailed for England again; but coasting along north for awhile, he discovered Chesapeake Bay.

The colony being largely composed of wild, ungovernable adventurers, soon enough got

\*It is marvelous to us that all the early navigators and explorers ventured in such small ships the size of our pleasure yachts. A vessel of one hundred tons was then regarded as large.

into trouble with the natives and blood was shed. Forty of the men, lured by stories of a Land of Pearls and rich skins, and a highly civilized race, started for the Roanoke river and pulled up that stream, in two boats, for five days, only to plunge deeper and deeper in the vast wilderness. Then they were assailed, and returned to Roanoke Island to be just in time to witness a general attack by the savages they had so angered.

A condition of comparative siege followed. At every attempt to visit the mainland the whites were ruthlessly assailed and numbers were killed. Others sickened and died under the fevers of the region and the hot season. Supplies gave out, and altogether the prospect was gloomy enough.

g.comy enough.

This was the condition of affairs when Sir Francis Drake called at the island, with his fleet—on its way home from its unsuccessful expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies, 1586. The colonists all returned with him. A few days after a vessel came in with stores and supplies, dispatched by Raleigh, but the place was utterly abandoned, and, after examining the coast around, the vessel sailed for home; and but a fortnight later Sir Richard Grenville came in with three ships, well filled with everything to make the colony prosperous. His surprise and annoyance were intense. Not a trace of his people could he discover; so, leaving fifty men for a garrison, he retraced his way to England.

retraced his way to England.

The persistent Raleigh did not give up his scheme of empire. Three other vessels, with colonists aboard, under John White as governor, sailed for Roanoke, reaching there July 22d, 1587, to find the fifty men of Sir Richard's garrison slain, the fort razed and grass growing over the grounds. They had all been

massacred, the previous summer.

White rebuilt the fort and tried to re-establish amicable relations with the Indians, but without success, and in revenge he made an attack upon a party of the savages who really were his friends, killing most of them. This rearoused the vindictive spirit of the tribes, and the colony suffered all sorts of privations. White returned home for supplies and recruits, leaving about one hundred men in the fort. But, the war with Spain, then being waged with great bitterness, intercepted the two vessels destined for the garrison's succor, and not until 1590 did the promised reinforcement reach Roanoke. Not a man was found alive! All of White's men had disappeared and never were heard of. Where they went to, or how they perished, never was known.

they perished, never was known.

These disasters almost overwhelmed Raleigh with financial ruin and he was forced to abandon all hopes of a realm in Virginia. But, he did not give over the search for the lost colonists. Five different vessels, we are told by Purchas, the chronicler, did Sir Walter send out to the coast between 1591 and 1602, to look for the lost. Not even a trace of them was

To advert to Raleigh's remarkable home career is not in the province of this series of papers. He was so intimately identified with the great and stirring events of that most important and eventful period as to stand forth in history equally noted as courtier, statesman, naval commander and soldier.

His brilliant career was arrested in 1591 by the queen's displeasure at an intrigue with Anne Throckmorton, one of her maids of honor. The too-gallant knight was arrested and thrown into the Tower, but hastened to repair matters by a marriage with the beautiful Anne; whereupon he was released from bonds, but his favor in Elizabeth's eyes was gone—he was no longer a single man! So he withdrew to his country-seat in Dorsetshire, and there remained for several years.

In 1595 Raleigh came forth as prime director in a grand scheme of exploration and conquest in Guiana (South America). It was then currently believed that the fabled Eldorado—the real Land of Gold—lay in the region reached by the Orinoco river; so, putting out, Feb. 5th, with an armed fleet of five ships, he reached Trinidad March 30th, surprising the Spanish garrison of St. Josef, and taking the governor of the colony, Don Berreo, prisoner. From this official he extracted information regarding the mines and sailed up the Orinoco for sixty leagues, but then had to abandon his quest—determined, however, to try again, with ample resources.

On his return in the fall of 1595 he wrote an account of his voyage, entitling the pamphlet "The Discovery of the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana." This was followed by his restoration to the queen's favor. She had long missed his company and counsel, and only awaited an excuse for his restoration. And he responded with a brilliant record, for, as rear-admiral, at the taking of Cadiz, (1595,) he greatly distinguished himself and was severely wounded. The next year he took Fayal, and was then fully restored to his lost offices, besides being made governor of the Channel isle of Jersey.

The story of his life now becomes one of state intrigues of the deepest and most intricate character—no less than to destroy the queen's favorite, the great Earl of Essex, his rival in the queen's regard. Essex fell and Sir Walter witnessed the fatal scene of the execution, (Feb. 25th, 1601). Elizabeth never forgave the men who destroyed the earl, for though he was adjudged guilty of high treason and death was the only possible penalty for his proven crime, the queen so loved the man that she hated those who had effected his fall. She never recovered from the shock. From full vigor in 1601 she sunk into her grave, in March. 1602.

James succeeded her, and Lord Cecil—Raleigh's coadjutor in the scheme against Essex—scamp that he was, turned upon Raleigh to destroy him. James being a zealous Catholic, several plots were concocted to rid the kingdom of him. Cecil so manipulated his evidence as to affect Sir Walter, who was seized and committed to the Tower, on charge of high treason, July, 1602. His trial occurred in September, 1603. He was found guilty, but upon evidence so questionable that the king dare not then order his execution; it would have hurled him from his throne. The accused suffered what was worse—a close confinement in the Tower for the twelve succeeding years!

During this long term he was not idle, but spent almost the entire period in literary work, producing, among other things, a "History of the World," of which he completed five large volumes. His wife, lovely Anne Throckmorton, shared his imprisonment and sustained him with her sweet and unfailing devotion.

James' advisers and ministers were notoriously corrupt, and at length, by bribing Villiers (Earl of Buckingham) with a large sum of money, Raleigh's release was procured, with the understanding that he was to proceed to Guiana to open a mine. Thither he sailed, in thirteen ships, splendidly equipped. His first act was to capture the town of St. Thomas (November, 1617), in which assault his eldest son and the Spanish governor were killed. An expedition up the Orinoco, to discover the mine, that once before had baffled his search,

was fruitless. So Raleigh sailed northward, hoping, it is assumed, to fall in with the Spanish "plate fleet"—the treasure ships bearing the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru to Spain; but not meeting them, he ran for Newfoundland to refit. A gale scattered his ships, and when he reached the island his own crew was in mutiny to return home. So he was compelled to do this, and reached Plymouth in July, 1618, to be immediately arrested, at the instigation of the king of Spain, for the attack on St. Thomas. James, nothing loth, assented; but, instead of trying the prisoner on this new count, the old verdict was revived, and under it he was sentenced to execution, and was beheaded on the succeeding day, October 20th 1618

THREE

## Links in Love's Chain.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

LINK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

MARY'S aunt had long suspected "Love's young dream" with its additional aggravation of an old, rich and unfavored lover; and you may be sure she had done her best on behalf of Squire Glover, and utterly, heartily and daily anathematized the sailor.

Ned found Mrs. Stormaway alone in the kitchen, knitting vigorously. It struck Ned that Mrs. Stormaway did not

look as sour as she could look, an incomprehensible incident, considering the eclaircissement she had been favored with in the morning.

Fact was, Mrs. Stormaway had witnessed

something at the garden gate which had pleased her.

"Where's Mary, ma'am?"

"What d'ye want with Mary, sir?" briskly.

"Tut! tut! Mrs. Stormaway. What do I want with my sweetheart? Mary! Mary!"

mouting.
Mrs. Stormaway, bitterly:

"Boor!"
Mary, suddenly sweeping in:
"Well, Edward, I'm here."

She was wan and rigid as the two hours' dead, and a poor little pretext of a smile quivered, ghostlike, round her lips.

"Bless my eyes!" exclaimed Ned, staring, "what's amiss with Mary?" Then bethinking himself: "I say, was anything the matter with Lucy Corrie? She looked mighty glum, I thought."

The instant when the name of Lucy Corrie was on his lips her eyes were on him like needles, probing his.

He winced just enough.

Her face blazed up for a moment, and she trembled visibly.

Then she calmed down to a still white heat.

retreated behind her aunt's chair, and leaning on it thus gave her lover his conge:

"Edward Morris, you've been coming after me for a good while, and I suppose ye think ye're master an' more of every secret of my heart. It's not so, my lad. I always kept one secret from ye. I can't keep it no longer, though; so ye may learn the truth now. I—don't—love—ye—as—I said—I did—" the words dropped like drops of her life-blood and left her lips white; "and I always—intended

—to—marry—the squire."

Ned, opening mouth and eyes, gaped and gazed in stupefaction.

gazed in stupefaction.

Mrs. Stormaway fairly beamed all over her face, but felt the situation too ticklish to put in her word yet.

"I'm not joking you, Edward," pursued

Mary, in a voice awfully still and strange: "I ve—promised—to marry—Mr. Glover."

That stung life into Ned.

He uttered a rear.

"Hush, hush, young man!" quoth Mrs. Stormaway, putting in her oar. "None of your swearing here. I believe I'm mistress enough in my own house to say there shall be no bad language used here—"etc., etc.

Ned, devouring the altered dace behind the

old woman's chair, was reading in its cold, hard lines—treachery.

He strode over to her, put a heavy hand on each shoulder with a grasp that left blue prints in memoriam on the fair flesh for many

a day; and he said, huskily:
"Mary, darlin', look me in the eye an' tell
the truth. Have ye played me false?"
She shook under his touch, and caught her

breath with a drowning gasp.
Then:

"YES," said Mary Lee.

A moment he stood over her, gazing upon the grand, blenched beauty of her wondrous face; a storm of fury and amazement in his own.

"You murderer!" he then muttered, in a hard, low voice, while his white lips twitched and his swart face worked with passion; "do ye know what ye've done? You've killed all that was good in me—you've made a devil of me! Oh, that ye were a man—but, pshaw! I wouldn't soil my fingers with your black heart's blood!"

blood!"

He flung her from him as one tosses a poisonous reptile swung on his heel and strode out of the cottage.

On the stile he found Squire Glover.

"Might a mere Jack-tar ask a question of mality folks?"

quality folks?"

"Eh—ah—what d'ye say?" stammered the squire, taken all aback.

"Is Mary Lee a-going for to be married to

"Is mary Lee a-going for to be married to you?"

"Ah—hem! I believe she has promised so," chuckled the squire, seeing now how the

land lay.

The sailor bestowed upon him one mighty curse and strode on.

That was Ned Morris' farewell to Stoking-

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
Oh, I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run!"
Ay, ay, so the love-songs say!

Well, Mary Lee did not marry the squire.
When she saw that her lie was for naught but to her own wrecking; that she had only lost her sweetheart without doing any good to the woman who had claimed him, and that the woman neither went mad nor drowned herself, but resigned herself to the inevitable with surprising celerity—black despair possessed her.

She refused to marry the squire. Her aunt wheedled.

No use.

Squire Glover begged and prayed with all the wisdom which sixty years had brought him; Mrs. Stormaway stormed away with all her native animation: Mary was mulish.

He swore he would have the law of her; and she that she would shut her door on her; Mary balked them both by falling desperately ill of a broken heart.

broken heart. So then they took fright and let her have

her way, seeing that all flesh is grass, and she was like to die.

She rose from that sick bed an altered wo-

an.

The dregs of her heart were stirred to the

The dregs of her heart were stirred to the surface; all the bitterness and scorning and pride which in happier days had lain dormant romped as they listed now; all that had been sweet as honey in her turned bitter as gall.

Poor Mary Lee!
Victim of a love doomed to survive respect; brooding over her disappointments with the wild resentment of a proud spirit trodden in the mire by the swinish feet of the unworthy; conscious of no less tragic influences than the promptings of weariness, disgust, and an invincible despair; what resemblance had this cold, silent woman, her black eyes lit by a feverish flame, and her black hair flecked with silver, to the laughing nymph whose mischievous gayety and innocent coquetry had enticed to her shrine the swains of Stokington?

Now, Squire Glover never had admired Melpomene; it was Thalia who had won his

favor.
So, when the transformation scene was over, and his airy sprite stood frozen into a fountain that could only weep, what should the sensible old Adonis do but formally set her free, and turn round and marry—Lucy Corre

Yes, the distracted maid with a philosophy which deserves our profound respect as one of the few instances of self-government among that illogical class, lovers, when she saw that she was left in the lurch by the flinty-hearted young Jack-tar, took up with his betters, and speedily changed the willow for the

orange-wreath.

She made a very gaudy lady, and liked to drive in her pony-phaeton past her erstwhile rival, she plodding to the salt-mines with her

rival, she plodding to the salt-mines with her little brother's dinner.

Once she stopped on the highway, and called

Mary to her carriage-step.

"Mary," said the squire's lady, graciously,
"it is time you were getting yourself married.
You must smarten yourself up, my good girl,
and not wear that glum face, or you'll be left
on the shelf. Dear to gracious! I felt like
moping just as bad once upon a time, but I'd
more spirit than to give in to it, and look at
me now! I never thinks on him not once in a

month, the deceivin' scamp."

Mary fastened her bitter black eyes on the flourishing young madam's face with a fierce intensity that silenced her prattle.

"Lucy Glover," said she, hoarsely, "once ye plead with me, ay, on your knees—to save ye from takin' your own life, by givin' ye up my sweetheart. I did it. Since then I've prayed God every day to keep me in my senses, for I believe I'll end mad. Now ye've given me the chance to speak to ye; an' I'll plead with ye as ye once plead with me to make the life that I must live, an' that you've made so black, a little easier for me. Confess, Lucy Glover, for God's sake, lassie, did ye not speak falsely that day?"

Mrs. Glover turned pale with fright, then red with mortification, and then black with

anger.

"I'm sure!" she spat out, venomously—"the impidence! As if the likes of me was needing to tell lies about the likes of him! Why, Mary Lee, you forgets your place, you unmannerly hussy, speaking to the lady of Grevy Holt as if she was your equals. I meant kind by ye when I stopped an' took notice of ye, but I see my foolish kindness is thrown away. Drive on, Jenkins."

Mary put her hand, with a sudden gripe of steel, upon the silken sleeve of the squire's lady.

"Stop a minute, Mrs. Glover," panted she, looking up in her face with a passionate eagerness that almost frightened the shallow creature into fits. "Of course ye can't understand all he was to me, an' what a dreadful woman the thought of his deceitfulness has turned me into, so of course ye don't see the use of ownin' anything about that day now; but, oh, woman! on my knees on the road here"—and to the lady's horror she flung herself down in the dust—"I pray ye to lift that part of my burden off me—I can bear the rest gladly, gladly—only tell me he never played the tryiter."

only tell me he never played the traitor."

In the wild heat of her manner and the anguish of her prayer; in the desperate supplication of her folded hands and cavernous eyes, another woman, with a woman's soul in her, would have read a history that would melt he heart with pity; but the fair-haired beauty with the butterfly soul in her, only read incipient insanity.

"Oh, Jenkins, how dare ye sit there an' let that girl frighten your mistress to death?" whimpered she to the coachman. "What would Mr. Glover say if he knew I was getting abused this way? Drive on, I tell ye; why don't ye obey me?"

Execut ponies, squire's lady and coachman.

Mary Lee staggered to her feet.

The dust of the road was on her poor garments, but far, far worse was on her poor soul. She looked across the moor where the thyme smelled sweetly, and the sea where the little waves sparkled brightly to the crystal verge, where sea and sky kissed, both ethereal blue; and a strong shudder shook her.

and a strong shudder shook her.

"God, how cruel you have been to me!" she cried, fiercely. "What had I done that you should use me like this?"

### CHAPTER IV.

TEN years!

A long time indeed.

Time for Mrs. Stormaway to die, leaving
Mary and her young brother Hal alone in the
cottage by the sands.

Time for the cottage by the sands to catch fire one windy night, and burn the orphans out of a home.

Time for Mary to drudge her beauty dim

Time for Mary to drudge her beauty dim over whiteseam in a garret in the village while Hal grew up as fast as he could, and toiled far beyond his strength for man's wages at the mines.

Time for the squire to break his neck at a fox-hunt, and for his lady to begin to break her heart over the pranks of her ill brought-up son Tyrrol.

Time for Ned Morris to have sailed thrice round the world with a year to spare, and to have given that year to undoing the cruel work of the nine on Mary.

And then it was time for the end.

One morning the village of Stokington was horrified by the news that there had been an accident at the mines.

A quantity of loose self had fallen on the

A quantity of loose salt had fallen on the workmen, completely burying them in one of the vaults.

Nobody had escaped but Harry Lee, who fled for help, reporting that the men were still alive and crying for assistance. Stokington turned out *en masse* and trooped to the mouth of the shaft—shrunk back and

shook its head.

Blocks of solid salt were falling every now and then; waters were gurgling in unseen pas-

Not a man would venture down there.

At this moment a woman ran in among them.

She was livid, she was panting, she was frantic with fear and hurry.

It was the squire's widow.
"Where's my boy?" she shrilly cried, seizing young Lee, who stood on the brink, one foot in

the bucket; "is he down there?"

Master Tyrrol Glover, a sharp slip of eight, was wont to sneak off to the mines after his grandfather Corrie, who was overseer, and spoiled him even more than his mother did.

The lad stood silent.
"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Glover, wringing her hands wildly; "he is, he is! Oh, save my boy, good people, save my boy for God's sake!"

Not a man answered.

"What, won't they go down?" said Mrs. Glover, hoarsely, her eyes almost starting from their sockets. "Must my pretty darlin' die down there for lack of a man with pluck enough to bring him up? And my old father, too! My God! what will I do? what will I

Hal, the sixteen year older, straightened

himself, flushing.

"Lads," said he, looking round sharply, "d'
ye hear her? Will ye desarve the name of

cowards?"
"It would be sure death to try it," muttered voices, deprecatingly; "there's not a chance for a rat, unless a water-rat."

a rat, unless a water-rat."

The distracted woman screamed and darted again on Hal like a tiger.

again on Hai like a tiger.

"Go down yerself, boy; go straight down
an' bring me back my laddie; go! go!" she
shrieked. "I'll give ye a hundred pounds, two
hundred, anything ye like, only bring him up

alive."

"I'm goin' anyway, ma'am; I don't want yer money," answered Hal, quietly. "I'd never have come up an' left them if I hadn't hoped to get help from the neighbors. Friends," and he turned to the listening crowd with sparkling eyes and pale face shining with a

sparking eyes and pate face siming with a strange fire, "who volunteers to follow me?"
"The devil!" growled the villagers, unused to the dreary experiences of miners; "it would be sheer flying in the face of Providence!"

"Will nobody?" cried Hal, looking round;
"nobody? Then I'll go alone—with God."
He stepped into the bucket.
Another woman fought her way through the dumb-smitten throng to the pit's mouth, and

clutched the young miner.
"You sha'n't go, Hal," said Mary Lee, stern-ly.
"That woman has taken all I had but

you; she sha'n't have you."

Mrs. Glover shrunk from the spectral vision of her rival of long ago, whose madly glittering eyes now warned her that the grief which had whitened her beautiful hair and embittered her generous heart, was now about to be aveng-

ed upon its cause.

Hal put his arms round Mary's neck and laid

his cheek to hers.

"Sister, darlin'," murmured he, and the whole throng hushed its breath to listen, "ye've never complained to me, but I've heard them tell what changed ye from a lovin' lassie into what ye are to-day; an' they all blame it on her. Mary, ye've borne the burden for ten long years your own way, an' a heavy burden it God's way, an' see how light it will grow? Will ye not forgive Mrs. Glover, an' forgive the man that's across the seas, an' send me on my duty with a happy heart! Will ye, Mary,

darlin'?"
She looked into his sweet eyes, and she saw

that he must go.
She looked upon Mrs. Glover with a look that stabbed her with remorse.
"Cold, cold heart, I curse ye!" said Mary Lee, "satisfied ye'll never be until ye've drunk the last drop of my blood. Come, Hal, we'll go

together."

''No, no, she's crazed!" exclaimed the by-

"If ye love me, darlin', stay here till I come back!" implored her brother.

Mrs Glover, white as ashes, dared not utter a word.

"We'll go together," said Mary, for all answer; "an' if he's killed so am I, an' there's the end on't."

They both got into the bucket and went down

the black throat of the mine clasped in each other's arms.

And then for hours there was nothing more. Sometimes a shrill whistle came up to the multitude's ears, and they knew that Hal was afe yet; and then Mrs. Glover, kneeling, in all

her costly finery, in the dust at the pit's mouth, would mean and look up to heaven and call on God to bless the brave boy and bring him back again with Tyrrol.

And at long, long last the signal came to pull the bucket up; and when they did so—there were two of the imprisoned miners, blinded

with salt, bleeding from every pore, but cheering the people faintly.

And what a roar of triumph and joy burst from every throat there! And how it swelled and deepened as the word ran round that every the salt of the salt

ery soul was dug out alive, child and all!

And how Mrs. Glover pounced upon her whimpering darling, and tore him out of his grandfather's coat in which he was wrapped like a chrysalis; and hugged him to her bosom, and kissed him over from brow to chin, and blessed God for him; and at last started up wildly, commanding Hal to be brought to her that she might give him her heart's blessing for this great deed of bravery!

But, ah! what a wall was that?
They were all up, all but Mary and Hal.
Mary was seen to take her place in the bucket, Hal was in the act of stepping in after her.
A portion of stone near the pit's mouth gave way—and fell—the men at the mouth shrieking for them to get out of the way—fell fifty

feet, crushing Hal to the ground.

Ah, that scene!

Well, they got him carried up and landed on a litter of boards; and, with poor Mary walking at his head, they bore the young hero, at Mrs. Glover's prayer, to Grevy Holt; and they wept, all Stokington, to think that such a lad should die.

should die.

And they watched him, Lucy and Mary, until that night, after great agony of body, but in a blessed, blessed sweetness of mind, Hall worth home.

went home.

And it was then, at that late date, that Lucy
Glover told Mary the truth about her lover of

long ago.
She kneeled down by Hal's death-bed—ah, if she had but knelt oftener at her own bedside!
—and hiding her eyes from the sight of poor Mary Lee gazing whitely on dead, smiling Hal, she humbly faltered:

"Good God, forgive me for destroying Mary Lee, and help me to undo the wrong I did her long ago!"
Then she looked up, shamefacedly; ashamed

to speak in the presence of that woman crowned by sorrow.

"Oh, Mary Lee, listen to me!" she whispered, with tears; "I cannot harm ye longer since you and him that's in heaven now has saved me the core of my heart. Oh, ye poor innocent woman, would God I could do aught to lighten the burden I have putten on your shoulders. For your sweetheart never was no sweet-

day on the sands by a wicked woman's trick; an' that—God forgive me—is the truth."

Well, well, bereavement is sweet-to treach

The little shell that is tossed about by the wind on the shore can still whisper—only put it to your ear—of the ocean it once lived in long ago; but toss it on the flinty rock or grind it neath your heel, and the pretty wonder is cracked, the music is shed-but a tiny heap of

The fragile heart that is washed ashore by God's wind—bereavement, out of the ocean of the love it lived in; and blown about by earthly cares, can still remember sweetly the former bliss; but crush that heart with perfidy and, lo! a ruin.

So, when the blight was lifted from Mary Lee, and she knew that her love had been true, although he was lost to her, his memory was sweet as of yore, and she melted, poor, frozen iceberg, into a woman again. Love was no illusion, life was no lying mockery, God was no Moloch, delighting in the passing of His children through inextinguishable fires of retribu-

So by the bier of brave Hal, her last pos session—he lying coldly in his place with the majestic smile of the dead upon his marble face, Mary Lee penitently owned her past bit-terness and blasphemy, and vowed henceforth to bear her burden-already lightened-in

And if she should never see Ned Morris more—for whether he was yet alive, God knows—she can pray for him, and love him, and bless the priceless days of true, true love

"Till a the seas gang dry." (To be continued-commenced in No. 349.)

JENNIF, LEE AND I. A BALLAD OF DRUID HILL PARK.\*

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

One afternoon in summer, when the blue expans above Bent over us unclouded as the candid eyes of love Suggesting scenes it smiled upon in quiet countr And birds and flowers, and grass and trees, and coolly purling brooks, (Thank God, that in the crowded town we still can see the skyl)
We took a car for Dinid Hill, young Jennie, Lee
and I.

Ere long the heated streets are left, the railway ied we gain, "Little Dummy" ready waits with all its shed we gain,
When "Liftib Dummy" ready waits with all its
tiny train.
Soon woods and fields and hills and plains, in miniature, are passed;
And, with display of state, we win the terminus at
last:

beating high,
And filled with life and wild romance are Jennie,
Loc and I. While with our new experience, our hearts are

First to The Mansion we resort and cool refreshments take,
Then from the broad piazza look on field and
wood and lake.
Our fancies, fired by such a scene, illumed by gol den light, See in the open space below, brave knights in ar-mor bright; The banners wave, the weapons flash, the trumps in clamor vie— And for awhile in olden times tive Jennie, Lee and I. Then lightly sauntering along, with jest and laugh

awhile:—
The calm Spring Lake, where ducks and geese and swans disport at ease;
And Druid Lake, with all its bright expanse of mimic seas; And Upper Lake, in which the skiffs, oar-winged, appear to fly—
We call them all enchanted boats, young Jennie,
Lee and I.

O'er graveled paths, through shady nooks, we visit Edmund's Well, And Silver Spring, that bides within a charming wildwood dell. soe er the water gleams, amid the wave

and spray.

We see the flashing wings and eyes of many a tiny fay: While sweet, low melodies they chant, as move we slowly by; And well we know for whom they sing, young Jen-nie, Lee and I.

We visit spots as wild as though afar from haunts of men.
And pass o'er many a sunny hill, through many a shaded cleb.
We stand on Prospect Hill, from which fair Woodbury is seen.
And cross the classic Garrett Bridge that spans a steep ravine.

And wheresoe'er the zephyr stirs the foliage low or high. We hear it tell sweet fairy-tales—do Jennie, Lee and I.

But now the gorgeous hues, that late the park in beauty dressed, Are passing, with the setting sun, beyond the glow-ing West; And, as the luster softly fades, we slowly onward Toward the railway station at romantic Council

Grove; And soon, with memories stored with themes for converse pure and high. We meet the blessed lights of home, young Jennie, Lee and I.

\*Baltimore, Md.

### An Unknown Correspondent

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

"You may say what you please about anonymous correspondence, and no decent girl ever doing that sort of thing," says Ray Hard-ing, blowing a streak of smoke straight at the picture of the class nine above his head, "but I know better, and I could tell you a story to prove it." And in obedience to the general hue and cry raised by this remark, Ray proceeded with the following narrative:

"When I was a sophomore, I used to be a different sort of fellow, never got acquainted with any girls or anything; and as I really yearned for a lady friend, I was indiscreet enough, one day, to answer an advertisement for a correspondent which I found in a certain magazine much patronized by girls of that period. I am not going to bore you with the correspondence itself. It is of its results I am

about to tell you. "Suffice it to say that I got an answer, dated at a certain fashionable boarding-school in New York State, from a girl calling herself Jennie Wheaton-that we exchanged photographs and wrote each other letters all winter long, and

evidently snubbed, I could not quite bring myself to do it. So, then, ended my correspondence, and I might never have heard anything more of it but for an adventure which happen

ed to me last summer. "Last Commencement week I changed names with a man, and thereby hangs a tale. Johnson, of my class (you didn't know him; he left college that fall), came to me with the following proposition: Says he, 've got a maiden aunt down in Connecticut, about seven nundred years old, who dotes on me, an insists upon my visiting her at once. She rich as Crossus, and it may cost me a hundre housand dollars to disobey her-which I shall have to do, as I'm on the crew. Why can' you take my name and go down there as m substitute? She's blind as a bat and will never know the difference. It's a grand old country place, with any quantity of fishing. Besides there is a boarding-school Miss who will help outertain you. Will you go? The scheme was too novel and romantic not to please me. Of course I went.

"One fine morning a few days after that, a young man with a valise, sac de nuit, can umbrella, hat-box and distingue air might hav been seen marching up a carriage path toward a big white house. The young man was my-self; the house was the country residence of my friend's aunt, Miss Prudence Partington. sudden turn in the path brought me squarely up to the steps and into the immediate vicinity f two ladies sitting on the piazza. One these was modern, beautiful, and reading. The other was ancient, ugly and knitting. As ascended the steps, the latter jumped up and ture? wound her arms two or three times about my neck, saluting my prominent features with a great deal of unnecessary enthusiasm

"So I had come to see my old auntie at last, had ? (smack!) How I had grown, to be sure! (smack! smack!) Just the picture of my poor father at my age! (smack! smack!)

I was now introduced to the young lady and my aunt went off to see about my traps

eaving us two alone together. "Miss Bartholomew did not seem at all em arrassed by the situation; and after a fev anguid commonplaces, politely returned to he I took occasion to examine her. Sh wore white, set off by blue, so of course she was a blonde. Her beauty I leave to your ima-gination—it was indescribable. No man with heart in his breast could have been in her nce twenty minutes and kept it there. fell in love with her at once, as a matter o course; and presently, looking up from a reverse, I was flattered to find her regarding me attentively. 'Excuse me,' she said, 'but you face is wonderfully familiar. Can it be that I have seen you before?' I replied that 'Excuse me,' she said, 'but your houghs not, mentally wondering why it that young ladies always pretend to have see you before. I observed the puzzled expression on her face suddenly vanish, as her eye fell upon my valise. I inquired, with withering sarcasm, if that, too, was familiar. 'No,' she answered, significantly, 'but it seems to have been borrowed for the occasion." Sure enough There were my own initials, 'R. H.,' on th end of it, plain as day. 'Ye-yes,' I stammer 'May I ask his name?' she maliciously persisted. 'Ray Harding,' I was obliged to answer other name with those initials to save me. Af ter such duplicity, I hung my head for severa seconds. When at last I looked up again, the lady was actually giggling. 'Miss Bartholo mew,' I said, 'I believe you're laughing at me. She begged my pardon and immediately laugh ed outright. Overcome with rage and mort fication, I started up to follow the servant wh

ny false name, only that was impossible. hus began my acquaintance with Miss Bartholomew. I learned from the servant that her first name was Juliana, or Julia for hort, and Jule for shorter; that she was near v related to Miss Partington, and that the at ctions of that estimable lady were already and her money some time to be, equally divided between Miss Bartholomew and myself The young lady's attractions were certainly of

came out just then for my impediment. Miss Eartholomew called after me as I went in, hop-

ng I'd come down to dinner in good tempe

as she wished to know more of my friend, My

What she meant I could not ima

I should have thought she saw through

"I am not going to bore you with a detailed ount of the events of the next two weeks They might not interest you, but to me those ourteen were the most blissful days of my exstence. How could it be otherwise in the com-pany of the aunt who adored me and the maiden dored? Alas! I sought in vain for assurance that my passion was reciprocated. For half of each day Juliana was an angel and treated me with angelic consideration. We always had some wild plan or other in view; and during the long forenoons we scoured the country on foot and on horseback, went buggy-riding and boat-riding, and to me at least time flew on the wings of love. But later, when she would some down magnificently dressed for dinner, she would, somehow or other, become quite a different person-more lovely, perhaps, yet hardly as lovable.

But it's getting late, and I pass to the close of my visit, and to the events which bear directly upon my correspondence. I was relieved to find that Miss Bartholomew made no further allusion to Mr. Ray Harding. The impression I had received on the morning of my arrival, that she might possibly know my true name, gradually wore away; indeed, when I thought of it, how was it possible that she could As for Miss Partington, I flattered myself that I had added several hundred thousand dollars to Johnson's prospects by my devotion to her. She begged me to prolong my visit, which indeed I should have been glad to do, had not previous engagements rendered it

'It was the day previous to that fixed for We were at breakfast, and dis issing that fact when the servant brought liss Partington the morning letters. As she Mr. Ray Harding-one that had come for me at home, and my people, knowing my presen sternation as she read the name aloud and loo! that I really never in my life saw such elegant, ed up inquiringly. I glanced at Miss Bartho She was regarding me exultingly arding, she cried. 'Why, that must sprightly and altogether delightful epistles as those she sent me. All at once, some time in April, my last letter came back to me, inclosed be the friend of whom Mr. Johnson was tellin a note signed Jennie Wheaton, but in a handwriting so utterly different from that in which the former letters had been written, that it was impossible it could have been written by same person.

"The note said that my letter had come to honor to stop over a night or two with us. It "Driver, we must stop somewhere. the writer's address at the school; but as she seems one of his letters has got here before never enjoyed the honor of even hearing of my him.' 'But, you are to go away to-morrow,' distinguished self before, she presumed there was some mistake and returned the letter. Of imploring look across the table. Fortunately, was much astonished at this unex
Miss Bartholomew, wickedly. I cast an imploring look across the table. Fortunately, we might drop the young lady there, an' drive from the eyes of the curious and the scandal-ourse I was much astonished at this unex
Miss Partington was already deep in a letter of on as if nothink 'ad 'appened—the bend an' the

heart of mine; I tried to win him from ye that again for an explanation; but, having been so Breakfast over, I followed Miss Bartholomew to the piazza. She looked at me with the air of a detective officer.

"'I hope you'll excuse my curiosity, Mr. Johnson, but I should really like to know your

"'I'm in your power,' I groaned; 'do with me what you will. 'Only, for heaven's sake, don't tell my aunt.' "'My friend's aunt. It won't make much

e to me, but she would be sure to dis-

inherit him,' and I told her the whole story of now we had conspired to deceive Miss Par-sington. When I had finished she said: tington. When I had finished sne said.
"'Well, if that is the case, you are not so

bad as I thought. Still you are in my power. "'Alas, I am. But you will have mercy."
"'I've a great mind to denounce you for the

impostor that you are—'
"'But you will not!'
"'And tell Miss Partington—

"' You cannot be so cruel."

"And send for the police-

" 'Ob, heavens!'

differen

" Angel! " On one consideration,

" Name it."

"' You must excuse a little deception on my part. I knew you the first morning you came.

"'I can't imagine. You surely had never "No; but I was so fortunate as to possess

". Where in the world did you get my pic "'Why, stupid, you sent it me.

been writing me silly letters all winter.'
"'So you are Jennie Wheaton?' | gasped. "'Yes-that is I-I did not like to give you my own name, so I gave you that of a friend who was away from school at the time. When she came back your last letter fell into her hands being directed to her; and she returned to you. I never dared tell her what use I

ad made of her name.' "It was Miss Bartholomew's turn to look shamed of herself. 'Aha!' I cried, with de moniacal glee, so I am not the only one who has been under false colors! Pardon my curisity, but I should really like to know if you've

any other aliases.'
"No reply. I went on severely. 'I deem it my duty to write to the real Miss Whea-

" You dare not!"

" 'And tell her all about it-" Wretch!

" Thanks.

"'If you will compromise."

"'On what terms?" ". Neither of us to say anything more about the matter, and '-here I dropped into regula tion position and seized her hand-'the cor respondence to be resumed with a view-as the advertisements say-to matrimony.

"Over what followed, gentlemen, permit me to draw the vail of silence. There are scenes too sacred for the profane eye and ear. My story is done."
"But," says little Tubbs, who always want

ed the truth, the whole truth, and a great deal more than the truth if he could get it, "Did

Johnson's aunt ever find out the trick he play "Well, I'm inclined to think she did," anwered Ray. "At least, she died a little while

after, and left him six hundred—cents. All the rest went to Miss Bartholomew. But it von't make much difference, as I hear he is to marry her soon."
"What! Didn't she accept you?" cried all

nis listeners, in wonder. "Oh. by no means. You might have known

"And what was that?" persisted Tubbs. "'Tis sweet to court but oh, 'tis bitter,'
To court a girl and then not git her.'

# Brave Barbara:

FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART. BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII-CONTINUED. THE chagrined and baffled earl started after Lady Alice as she ran; Lord Ross followed

nim; only the rector and the countess stood still, looking after that strange flight; the servants and Barbara moved quickly to the door. Arthur Granbury, who stood quite away from the group about the altar, and nearest to

the door, was the first to reach the vestibule and the pavement outside. Lady Alice, flying ike some white dove, found a place of refuge ov instinct. It was certainly no premeditation which im-

belled her to spring into the carriage which Barbara had furnished for her expected flight with Delorme.

"Come!" she cried, wildly, turning her pale face and seeing the American coming out of the vestibule in advance of the others, "you prom-

"I will do what I can," replied Arthur, my road you choose; and if you distance pur suit you shall have ten guineas," and the driver did not spare his horses.

Lord Ross leaped into one of the castle coaches; but it was large and heavy, and the fat coachman and the fat horses were not equal to the occasion. Swear as he might, tear the whip from the servant's hand and lash the animals himself, fret and fume and curse the carriage, the coachman, the day, everybodyall this did not enable him to keep up with the

It was a curious runaway. Something of its trangeness, of its ludicrous aspect even, suggested itself to Lady Alice as their vehicl whirled over the first five miles of road; sh said, with some of her natural archness

I did not expect to run away with you sir!" and then, before he could ask her if sh had any lady friend to whom he could take ner, her fair little head, all bare save for the bridal-vail, drooped against his shoulder, and he found, to his dismay, that the excitement had been too much for her—as soon as she had felt herself comparatively safe she had taken the opportunity to faint away.

e day was cold, the lady unprepared for a long drive-not even a shawl to throw over

There's a cottage just ahead, sir a turn of the road will bring it to view. pected turn of affairs, and would have written her own and took no further notice of us. trees will purwent their a-seeing of us leaving God had healed him.

her there. I'll just speak a sly word to the ole woman, an' she'll take good care o' the lady un-til we can come back fer her to-night. What do you say, sir?"

The best thing that can be done. She will

reeze here; and she is in a dead faint, now." "Here's the cottage now. My aunt's a clean body, an' will see to her better 'an we can; she's in the nussing line, you know, sir. We must be quick about it, or that there other ve nicle will be around the turn. So, now, whoa Sam. Don't you get out, sir; I'll just carry her in—she isn't a hinfant's weight – an' the ole woman 'll know what to do for her. There, now, it's all right. We'll drive on like mad, as if we had her in here; an' we'll make a ten-mile

cirkut an' get back to the village.'
The driver's ruse succeeded. carriage came dashing around the turn just as the inn, and so did not learn the shocking tidthe first one had got well under way again, and passed the cottage, unsuspiciously, in full

In the course of a couple of hours Mr. Granbury found himself at the inn. Paying the driver the ten guineas he had promised him, and charging him to come, before dark, for further instructions, he entered the inn, and was met by Barbara and a tall young gentle-man, whem she introduced to him, with a slight blush, as Mr. Dunleath.

"He has not been here five minutes," she said. He came on as soon as the track could be leared; and, fearing he was too late to prevent the marriage, he came directly here to learn what he could about the affair. What have you done with Lady Alice?"

"Left her in the care of an old nurse in a cottage by the roadside. I shall be only to glad to direct Mr. Dunleath where to find her for I do not wholly like the responsibility I so rashly assumed. Abduction of a young under age is no light misdemeanor to be guilty of; and in a strange country, too."

"I hope you never will repent your gene rous aid," spoke Delorme, warmly, pressing the young man's hand; his eyes went searchingly rom Arthur's face to Barbara's, and the sa ess of his look touched Barbara's very sou That sadness she attributed wholly to the deatl of his boy—that jealousy of her companion had anything to do with it she could not understand. She yearned to speak some word of sympathy in Delorme's ear; but Lady Al ice would do that before many hours. She must not forget that he belonged to Lady Al ice; no, nor that he was one who would speak

an untruth, upon temptation.

Arthur Granbury, little dreaming that this was his rival he saw before him—little dreaming of the relations these two had once held to ward each other; or of the stormy sea of emo tion now rising and falling in Barbara's throb bing bosom—was very pleasant to Mr. De-lorme Dunleath, giving him directions to go to Sam Hicks, the driver, who would take him to Lady Alice Ross; and pressing him to call upon him at the inn, that evening, to report to Miss Rensellaer, who would be anxious about it-

how the young lady was faring.

"Thank you, Mr. Granbury," Delorme had responded, earnestly, though still with that shadowed face. "After what has passed we are bound to be friends. That is, if you will allow it. I must see you again, by all means. And I sincerely hope no trouble will come to

you for what you have done this day."

"I expect my father to-night or to-morrow,"
said Barbara, "and then we shall go at once to
London. But if I can be of any service to
Lady Alice, either here, or after we reach Lon-

lon, pray, Mr. Dunieath, let me know."

How cold that silvery-sweet voice was—how coldly kind. It was intolerable to have her speak to him that way, to have her throw Lady Alice on his hands with that meaning air, to have that Mr. Granbury watching her ever movement with the adoring air of an accepted over. Yes, intolerable! worse than the los of the noble boy he had mourned as his own Delorme bowed stiffly and walked away—if he had tried to speak his choking voice would have betrayed him.

remarked Arthur, when Delorme had to consult the driver. "The news does gone to consult the driver. "The news does not appear to have reached the village at all. Perhaps they will pursue a wise course, and

attempt to hush it up." It was strange that even Lord Ross, breath

ing vengeance, did not burst into Dunleath village after the abductor.

Meantime, Delorme, always wise and temperate, concluded that he would have an interview with his aunt before he attempted to place himself in the position of Lady Alice's protector. If he took Lady Alice under his care it must be as his wife.

Delorme was not ready for so decisive a tep.
That sight of Barbara in the village inn had

nade such a course impossible to him.

After a talk with Sam Hicks he set out, on the chilly winter afternoon, to walk to the castle; but before he reached it he learned what had happened at the cathedral after Lady Alice and Mr. Granbury had fled, and Barbara had walked off by herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AND AGAIN REPORE THE ALTAR

CHRISTMAS morning dawned over Dunleath—castle towers, cathedral spires, village and bay—white and breathless. The first snow of season had fallen, silently and softly as down during the night, and sunrise revealed it clinging to tree and bush and building so thickly and so lightly—while the world was wrapped in such a tender, noiseless silence in a sort of ghostly mourning.

For Christmas, in the small world of Dun-

leath, was not a day of festivity, as it should have been. It had been set for the wedding day of the young earl. But no marriage-bell rung out their merry chimes. Instead of that over the ghostly stillness and the ghostly white ness sounded the deep tolling of the funeral-

Herbert, seventh Earl of Dunleath, to the sound of that melancholy music, entered the great cathedral — not joyfully, with hrobbing heart, as the bridgegroom of a warm young bride-but slowly, with pale face and pulseless boson, as the bridegroom of Death, was he borne within the portal and placed be-

His bridal day was his burial day.
The castle which had so long been closed to visitors was open to all. People of rank from all over England came to the funeral. Eight young nobles walked beside the bier. people of the country flocked in a vast throng to the cathedral. No longer was the broken-hearted mother compelled to keep her friends and strangers at a distance from her darling— Rensellaer her son, whom she would fain have hidden, in London." during his unhappy life, in her very heart, if

Herbert looked very beautiful as he lay in his coffin. The thick-clustering ringlets lay darkly on his high, white forehead; the long black lashes of his closed eyes lay tenderly on his pale cheeks; his delicately-molded features

were fine and perfect as if carved in ivory. There remained no trace of the fearful spasms in the midst of which he had passed out

The convulsions to which he was subject had eized him as he pursued Lady Alice down the

church aisle.
This was why Lord Ross only had joined in the chase along the road. Miss Rensellaer had noticed that the earl staggered and fell near the vestibule; but she had gone immediately outside, and finding the runaway girl safe in Arthur's charge, had walked quietly back to

ings.
The countess, the rector, curate, and servants, remained with the sufferer, whose spasms were more frightful than they had ever een. Jackson was there, with the remedies which the doctor had taught him to use; but the delicate frame of the earl had been too of-ten and too severely racked to bear the terristrain of this fit, which rage, disappointment, jealousy, and the attempt to seize the flying girl, had combined to bring upon him. The countess, gazing with equal mental torture upon this suffering which she could not relieve, had scarcely given the order for a servant to hasten for the physician, before she recalled it.

"It is too late. He is dead. Oh, my son!" Yes, he was dead. There in the sanctuary which selfish parents would have profaned with

mpty vows, his young life went out. For a time not even the rector ventured to interfere with the mother's awful grief. But, at last, he lifted her from her son's dead body, and would have aided in bearing her to the ther carriage standing outside.

Then the strength of pride in the character f the Countess of Dunleath came out. Her ride, for herself and her dead boy, came out. lifting herself haughtily from the clergyman's rm, standing erect and fronting around upon the witnesses of the scene—her handsome, haggard face making an impression upon them which helped them to obey her order—she comnanded that none who had been present du e last half-hour should ever betray Lady Al 's refusal to marry the earl, or the fact that had died from the effects of that refusal. he idea must prevail, she said, that they had me to the cathedral to decorate it for the Christmas festivities. If any other story ever

ent abroad, she should trace it to its source. She then instructed the rector to communiate with Lord Ross and his daughter as quicky as possible; to do all in his power to prevent candal going abroad; asked him to bring home her boy to the castle; and walked steadily to her carriage which she entered without assistance, followed by the weeping maids, and was

It was this Delorme learned when he started walk to the castle. He met the curate by the church steps and was told enough to send him back to the village, where he saw Mr. Granbury again; and the result of the consultation between them was, that Sam Hicks was pribed to keep his part in the day's tragedy a profound secret forever; and that he drove Mr. Dunleath to the cottage where Lady Alice was niding—that she came forth at Delorme's bidling, and was taken, under his charge, to the rectory, where the terrible news was broken to ner, and where she remained for the night, un-

er the care of Mrs. St. John. Yes, so powerful was the desire on the part f the countess to still hide from the world the vorst facts as to her son's affliction, that she ent, the day after his death, to Lady Alice an nperative order to return to the castle and omport herself as became the widowed be

The awe-stricken girl, weighed down by a guilty sense of the consequences of her rebel-ion, was quite willing to obey this order; she was hurried to the castle, and there the officials

There was no danger that the keenest obervers would suspect the truth, for her pallid ace, her silence, her drooping figure, had as

such the semblance of grief as remorse. She remained in her room, and no gossip could find fault with her want of feeling

The countess kept her room. Not once did the two meet, until they met by the coffin to take a last look at that dead face before the lid

was screwed down. Then, by chance, the offender met the eyes of the woman she had disobeyed, and the look in them was so awful that poor little Alice f lt that it would kill her to neet that look a second time. There was no danger that she would again

From her lonely room the mother saw the

ong funeral cortege wind away, through the brouding snow, to the cathedral; from her indow Lady Alice watched it too but they id not meet to comfort one another in the Another week, after the music of the tolling

oells had died away on the winter air, Lord

Ross and his daughter remained, by her request, at her house; but the countess never ame out of her room. "Her look was a curse," thought Alice, shuddering; "I hope never to meet it again—I hope to go away without seeing her," and she

lid so go away. During that week Alice only saw Delorme lone once-for a few minutes in the drawingroom; and then he had been very sad and uncommunicative—certainly, had said nothing to

er of love, or their future, except to inquire, andly, where he could call upon her, in London, when he came up there, as he expected to do within a fortnigh "I am sure I don't know where papa is going to stop," she had answered him, trembling and crying. "Papa is very poor, you know

and he blames me for everything. He is dreadfully angry with me. I am afraid to be with him. He says, if I had obeyed him, this would have been my home, and I would not have had to pay dearly for it either—that he and the countess knew that—that—Herbert could not possibly live two years. Oh, is it not horrible? -and for him to talk so! He says I may take care of myself now.

Well, I will try to see you in town," was all the answer Delorme had made to this pite-

And then Lady Alice had asked him if her friends, the Americans, were still at the im; and Delorme had informed her that they left Dunleath the day after the earl's death, the

lady's father having arrived that night. 'Have you their address?' Lady Alice had timidly inquired. "I should like to see Miss Rensellaer when we go to town, if she is still

"I know nothing about them-did not ask thus she could have shielded his infirmities for their address, Lady Alice," had been the from the eyes of the curious and the scandalloving. There was no infirmity now to hide. Poor child! even Delorme was indifferent to

ken to her once since the funeral, and then to threaten and upbraid her—shrinking from the countess as from a phantom of wrath-not knowing what she was to do, or what would become of her, she was wretched enough.

Her white face, and eyes dim with weeping, were in keeping with her mourning garments.

In a week Lord Ross took his daughter away. The countess did not leave her room to say farewell. After they were gone, she sent for Delorme to come to her.

Tears burst suddenly from his sad eyes at sight of his aunt's face—haggard, old, changed, but haughty still.

"Oh, aunt!" he cried, trying to take her hand, but she refused it.

His tears even appeared to offend her "That has come to pass," she said to him, in a slow, cold, dead kind of voice, "which I would have given my life to prevent. My son is dead, without an heir, and you are the eighth Earl of Dunleath. This castle is yours, with all that is in it. I sent for you to say that to-morrow I shall go to my town-house—my own, mind you-leaving you in full possession

"Aunt, you are cruel to speak so to me. I do not want the title; I do not want this place. Remain here in peace as long as you like. shall not annoy you with the sight of my face. Next week, or the week after, I start for Egypt,

to be away all winter." "Go or come, as you please, Earl of Dun-leath, it is nothing to me. I could not endure to stop here now. Did they not tell me," she condescended to ask, after a pause, "that your

"Herberi's child died of scarlet fever the day before his father," answered Delorme, looking full in his aunt's face.

For once the proud woman winced. Quickly recovering herself, she said:

'You know the truth at last, then?" "Yes. And I only remain at Dunleath Castle, until the body of the dead boy can be forward d here. I want to see it placed by his father's side in our ancestral vaults. When that is over, I am going away for I know not

'And-Lady Alice?" the countess forced her self to inquire.
"What about her?"

"You will marry her some day. Not too soon, for the sake of my poor boy?"

"Not soon, aunt, you may rest assured of at. I shall provide for her maintenance, i her father casts her off. But I am not incline to marriage myself; at least, not soon. Chang travel, the life of a rover, will best suit me. "I will bid you farewell now, then, nephew I shall not see you again, for I shall not leave my room until I leave it to go out from these

"Farewell, aunt. God be with you. I an sorry that you turn against me-that you will n t allow me to be a son in place of him you have lost,

He said it very humbly, very tenderly; but the unyielding woman, sorely as she needed a friend and helper, waved her hands as of waving him away, and he bowed his head and went

A groan was crushed back on Delorme's lips as he descended the stairs. He was an earl now, rich, independent, unfettered, with "the world before him where to choose"—but he was desolate and unhappy. He walked through the ancient, pictured hall, through the luxuri-ous drawing-rooms, the pleasant library, staring through the windows at the walks and fountains, rose-gardens and terraces wrapped in snow. Ah! if sho were here, how the old eastle would change into a fairy palace of all pleasure and delight!

But she was lost to him. That Mr. Granbury—such a fine, lovable, handsome, courtly gentleman—had saved her life, been her sole companion and protector through all her trou bles; it was plain to see how he felt toward Barbara-his every look proved that he adored the ground she touched with her foot. She l, or did already, return his affe They would make a splendid pair. Fate had always been against him—had dogged him from his boyhood. He had lost the sole woman in the world whom it was possible for him to care to love for a wife.

And then he thought of fair, timid, womanly, yet childish little Alice. She would love him, and be grateful for his kindness.

What was his duty toward her? He had never yet explained away the mis-take she had made in her manner of taking what he said to her in the lime avenue. Sh had, therefore, a right to expect that he would make some explicit avowal to her before he

went away on a long journey. Wandering about the sumptuous rooms of Dunleath Castle, looking over the broad acres which his cousin had let fail from dead hands into his own-suddenly. Delorme took a resolution which ended all his wavering, and decided his future

One week from then the castle was abandoned to the care of the ancient butler and the housekeeper-the gates were locked, the furniture covered, the rooms closed.

The countess had gone to her town-house there to slowly wither away under a grief which she refused to share with others.

The new earl had gone to London also - perhaps not to stop long; but, at all events, to de-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 840.)

## Dandy Jim.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I JUST hate that Jim Dallas," exclaimed Charley Haynes, as he watched the young exquisite go mincing down the street, after a call on his sister. "He is the most disagreeable fellow I ever saw. He thinks there's nobody nice enough to talk to him, except the girls, and so he snubs us boys if we dare to open our Jim Dallas, and I'll be even with you yet. See if I don't.

Charley shook his fists after the retreating figure, and looked scowlingly ferocious, as he darling, meditated on the many slights and snubs he swear it. had received from the young gentleman, who never deigned to notice him unless when he was making a call on his sister, or some similar occasion, when he could not very well help recognizing the existence of such a mortal as Charley Haynes.

It was about a week after the morning on which Charley declared his intentions of paying off Mr. Dallas for his high-and-mighty way of doing business, that something occurred in which Charley discovered a possible chance for a liquidation of his debt, and he forthwith de-

was in the wind." Dandy Jim would never have unbent like that, unless he had an object

"I was walking without having any definite idea of where I was going," explained Mr. Dallas, as he turned and walked along with Charley. "If you've no objections, I'll walk your way as far as Broadway." "Oh, no, of course not," answered Charley

who was quite overcome with the honor Mr. Dallas was conferring on him. "Are you going to the masquerade ball next week?" asked Mr. Dallas, presently.

"No, I don't expect to," answered Charley.
"Is your sister?" asked Mr. Dallas. Charley began to see his way clear; he fancied he knew what Mr. Dallas' object was,

now.
"Yes, T think she is," answered he; though if the truth must be told, he really didn't think anything about it, as he had never heard any

thing about the ball before. "You don't know, I suppose, what her costume will be?" asked Mr. Dallas, evidently very much interested in the subject.

No, I don't," answered Charley. "I could find out easy enough if I wanted to, though."
"I wish you would," said Mr. Dallas. "I ILL S do as much for you some time if you'll find out and let me know "

Charley couldn't help smiling over the idea of Mr. Dallas' "doing as much for him some time," but he managed to keep his face tolerably straight, and agreed to find out what character Miss Rose Haynes was to personate at the fancy-ball, and let Mr. Dallas know as soon as

The first thing he did, on reaching home, was to find out if Rose was going. When he found out that she was not going, he made her promise not to "let on to a soul" that she was not to be at the ball, and promised that she should see some fun as the result.

The next time he saw Dallas, he informed him that if he wanted to pay particular attentions to a "certain member of the Haynes family"—I quote Charley's own words—at the masquerade, he must keep on the look-out or a nun who would wear a white rose on he breast. Which information Dallas received with profuse thanks, and a determination to make the most of the opportunity. He was half in love with Miss Rose Haynes, and en tirely in love with the money her father could afford to settle on her whenever she married. Money was something Dallas wasn't greatly troubled with, and he was beginning to think that it was getting time he married a fortune and settled down. At this masquerade he de-termined to put his fate to the test, and win Miss Rose if possible.

The first thing Charley did, after imparting is valuable information to Dallas regarding the nun, was to interview half a dozen youn en, whom he knew to be persons who dislike Dallas, having been snubbed and ignored by him several times, and to them Charley unolded his plot, which promised fun for them s well as an opportunity to get a joke or

The night of the masquerade came. Dallas was on hand at an early hour, in the costume of a Spanish knight. He hung about the entrance, keeping close watch for any nun who might so far have forgotten her cloister vows is to wander to a scene like this.

Presently he caught sight of the very one he was waiting for -a figure clad in a long, trailing robe of gray stuff, with a white rose on her breast A close hood concealed her hair, with the exception of a lock or two which straggled from their confinement, and in those yellow strands he recognized the tresses over which he had gone into raptures, at Mrs. Mallory's grand party, and a lock of which had been promised him some time, by their fair owner

He made his way to the shy nun's side, and bent and whispered something to the effect that his soul had told him who she was, and would have recognized her anywhere, and a lot

He drew her arm within his, and they began to promenade. At every opportunity he whis pered his sentimental nonsence to her, and she seemed pleased to listen, but evidently did not care to talk much.

By-and-by he asked her to go to the conser vatory with him, saying that he had something

very important to ask her.

He did not see the handkerchief which the nun managed to drop, but a cavalier did. And as they wenled their way toward the con-servatory, they were followed at a distance by the cavalier, a bishop, a prince and a clown and these illustrious persons of a former age slipped noiselessly into the conservatory behind them and hid themselves among the sha-

dows of the plants. "I have wanted to ask you this question for some time," said Dallas, taking the hand of the unresisting nun in his, and caressing it in such fond way that the portly bishop came near bursting off several buttons at the sight.

The nun made no reply. "I knew who you were the moment I saw you," went on Dallas. "I think no disguise could hide you so completely that the eye of ve could not find you out.

This time the prince was so pleased that he came near knocking over a great vase of geraniums, with his repressed demonstrations of delight. But the cavalier gave him a warning dig in the ribs, which caused him to quiet

Yes, dear Rose, love sees through any disguise," said Dallas, lovingly. "Do you know what I want to ask you?"

The nun answered faintly that she did not. "But your heart must tell you," said Dallas. You must have seen before this, that I love

The nun was terribly agitated. She trembled all over with excitement. "Be calm, dear," he said, putting his arms

around her. Cavalier, bishop, clown and prince were all greatly agitated.

"I love you, dearest Rose," he whispered, in the most approved style of romance, and gently slid to his knees before her. "Oh, Rose, my darling, I never loved any one else before.

The poor nun was so excited that he feared her emotion would entirely overcome her. She swayed to and fro like a lily in the wind. drew her down until her head reposed upon his shoulder, and tried to soothe her. 'Oh, be calm, dearest," he said. "Tell me,

will you be mine?" The nun answered that she hadn't any ob-

"Oh, bless you, bless you!" he cried, delightedly. "When may I call and see your

termined to take advantage of it.

He was going down the street, when he met and the cavalier fell over into the bishop's Mr. Dallas. Usually that gentleman passed arms, almost as much agitated as the nun was. him with a very cool bow. Now he bowed patronizingly and actually put out his hand, which Charley proceeded to shake, wondering-

The clown lay back and shook his striped sides till the flower-pots jingled, but the wooer was too intent on his love-making to hear any

The nun allowed him to loosen her mask,

and the minute it dropped from her face he imprinted a long and ardent kiss upon her lips. "Oh! oh! oh!" The nun burst out into the most frantic demonstrations of delight. Never did lover's kiss so affect a maiden before. She lay back in her chair, and he wondered if she were going crazy. At first he hardly heard the scream of delight which the cavalier, the clown, the prince and the b shop sent up, until the conservatory rung. But gradually he began to realize that something strange had happened, and began to be frightened. 'Dear Rose!" he said, tenderly, "what does

this strange conduct mean?" "Oh, call around to-morrow and ask father," groaned the damsel, going off again into a par-oxysm of delight. "Do you—want another—

kiss -Jimmy?' Off tumbled the nun's hood, and with it her yellow hair, and there before him was the convulsed face of Charley Haynes. He knew now what the laughter from behind the plants meant, and he gave one horrified glance that way, and saw four faces which he recognized as belonging to as many of the jolliest boys in town, and then-he turned and ran.

"Come round to morrow, Jimmy dear!" called Charley after him, and then the rafters

But Dandy Jim did not call around the next day. He found out that he was wanted in Boston, on urgent business, and left on the earliest train. Of course the whole story got out, and if he ever comes back to New York the boys will make it lively for him. Charley Haynes didn't get over his adventure for

"It'll learn him to snuh a fellow because he don't happen to be more than sixteen, and, and-oh, dear!" and when he got so far he generally laughed till he cried, to think of Dallas' kiss, and his agreement to call around and "consult papa."

### GOOD-BY.

One, dark and lavish, in her Southern way, Dropped a flerce jewel in your vanishing har One, white and timid, said—what did she say? Ah, rose geranium, could you understand? With an exceeding great and bitter cry, Down in my heart, I said to you—Good-by.

Others looked toward you from the music's flight And with mock-sadness or young laughter gave Their parting words, full in the double light Of lamp and mirror.

—Sailing toward your grave, To-morrow's ship, with pale masts hovered night Half-knowing this, you said to me—Good-by.

There came a time when Night, a phantom priest
Held to your dying lips the star-wrought cross
I saw no morning in the after East;
The utter darkness held an utter loss.
And wind and water with one broken sigh
Wandered about the world and said—Good-by.

Since then Youth left me, with a lover's grace,
Oh, beautiful and sorrowral and dim,
Far in the backward mist I see his face;
I kissed his gold head, clung and called to him
Tears looked at tears. Better it is to die
Than part with him, and yet I said—Good-by.

And now, if violets fade or crescents round;
If butterflies go wavering from my hand;
If dews go dry and win s drop to the ground;
If Christ in thorns turns from a thorny land;
With an exceeding great and bitter cry,
Down in my heart, I only say—Good by.

## Writing a Story.

BY JOHN SMITH.

"I WISH I could write a story like you," said I to my wife, one day. You see, my wife is a successful authoress, whose talents are in constant demand, and the thoughts run from the end of her rapidly-moving pen like the crushed fragments from a coffee-mill. This expres sion may not be elegant, but it fits the idea, ex

And not only do her ideas flow so freely, but they are such that form sentiments and expressions and situations the most eloquent and dramatic. At one moment you will fall in ove with the delightfully-described heroine. with her fascinating eyes and peachy com plexion and immaculate form, so vividly displayed in a graceful pull-back. Then come the handsome hero, with his blue eyes and blonde mustache portrayed in such a manner that one actually feels jealous. And the inevitable bad fello, who comes in just at the time when all is serene and raises trouble on all sides, one feels an irresistible desire to an nihilate on the spot, so that all things will be happy again.

Such a writer is my wife. It may not be altogether disinterested on my part to speak of her qualifications so flatteringly, you may say but, perhaps it is the best way to do. If a husbands spoke in this manner of their "better halves" divorce courts would be closed and

To Let" pasted on the door.

But insignificant me! I am only a poor printer, with no ideas above a composing stick, and a knowledge of French limite to the two words "bourgeois" and "nonpareil. Feeling this intellectual inferiority suggested

the expression:
"I wish I could write a story like you."
"Why don't you try?" was the responsive

"Try! What good for me to try! Why, I wouldn't know how to commence "Suppose I give you a lesson," responded my good-natured wife.

A lesson in story-writing," laughed I, de-rely. "You might as well endeavor to risively. teach an elephant to climb a tree! But," I add ed, after a moment's consideration, "just for the fun of the thing, tell me how you do it just how you do it, exactly. Imagine now that I have accepted your proffered tutorship and I am your humble pupil ready for the first

"Well," responded my wife, taking her seat at my side, "the first thing you do is to get your paper and ink ready.'

"Of course, 'I laughed.
"Get Commercial Note," she continued, not heeding my interruption. "They like that size the best; it is easier for the editors to examine, and more convenient for the composi tors to set their type from. And then be sure to write only on one side of the paper."

Being a printer myself I knew all this. Many's the time have wished bad luck upon some miserable local aspirant who covered all after all. They're altogether too trashy. four sides of the sheet with fine writing so that I that I think of it, I am glad that I have con when it had to be cut into "takes" it was all cluded to give up the idea. We want some-But being a pupil in this novel school I held my peace

must have ready in your mind what is to be the nature of your story; a sort of outline or skeleton, so to speak. And all you have to do then is to commence writing, and fill in your outline so that when it is completed it is an in-"Then," continued my instructor, "you must have ready in your mind what is to be the nature of your story; a sort of outline or skeleton, so to speak. And all you have to do "really nt, nt meta", something that will set a good example. Like this, for instance, I thought, commencing again:

"As Miss Flora McFlimsey, in her silks and satins, stepped down the white marble steps of

her. Afraid of her father who had only spo- ly. He knew well enough that "something plete joy before. Darling, give me one sweet teresting story. It is better to leave the head- along a poor, sickly-looking little boy. Her ing till the last. Let the head depend upon the nature of the story.

What then?' I asked. "Why, that's all,' was the reply. "When this is done the story is finished, and all you-'ve now to do is to send it to the paper. If it is acceptable, you receive your pay. If not, it will be "declined, with thanks." The percentage is ninety-nine against one, that it will be "respectfully declined."

"Encouraging, isn't it?' said I; "ninety-nine against one, eh? Surely Mr. Sankey must have endeavored to be an author at some time in his life, from the wonderfully pathetic manner in which he sings 'Ninety and Nine!'

"That's all!" Why that's easy enough. All you have to do is to get your paper ready and et a skeleton and fill in, and head next. Pooh! That's easy enough, surely, thought I.

And I mentally vowed I would leave stick-

ing type at once and wear good clothes, live like a gentleman, henceforth earning my income in the rosy paths of literature.

I procured the paper, and cut it into halfsheets that were just perfect. My pen dipped in the ink, and I was ready to begin.

Let's see. The next thing was the outline or skeleton. But where the dickens was I to get this skeleton? Where the intellectual ceme tery whence to exhume this literary combina tion of skull, vertabrae, ribs and members? Leave the heading till the last! Yes, that was a good idea. But then, I could put in the small-cap line naming the matter, leaving room for the caption Leaving three lines for the head and one for a flourish of the pen to represent a dash, I commenced to write the name of the author in the fourth line.

But here came another trouble. If I say Smith, "By John Smith," how would they know it was me, from any other John Smith? And how would I feel with some other John Smith parading down the street with a copy of the paper containing the story sticking out of his overcoat pocket? But, even that would be better than a nom-de-plume, for then it would be worse than ever, for who would even recognize me in some high-sounding cognomen like "Colonel Eilworth Mackey," or "Captain John Dickens?" No, simple "John Smith" was bet-And, besides, why should I go back on myself, when years ago Miss Pocahontas so nobly stood by my great, great-grandfather? So I wrote:

By JOHN SMITH. So far, so good. The heading I needn't both er with till the last, and now I only wanted the

Never before did I think so hard for an idea. scratched my head till my hair stood out in all directions like a rat's nest. I don't know whether a rat's nest stands out in all directions but it's the best expression I can think of just now. I thought, and thought, and thought, and made pictures with my pen to assist m deas, until, after about an hour, I concluded

The scene was at Long Branch; surely that was original. I would write the introduction first and fill in the characters afterward.

"The bright July sun was just sinking be eath the glaming billows, and the piazzas of the Long Branch hotels were filled with gayly chatting ladies and gentlemen. On the sandy beach leading from the hotel walked Leonard and Arabella. She was dressed in—"

Here I was stuck. What Arabella wore on that particular occasion was utterly beyond my comprehension. However, I would hunt up a fashion-book and fit her out with some thing stylish, and with the progress thus far made I felt pretty well pleased, until, happening to look out of the window I saw the ground covered with snow, and pedestrians hurrying along at rapid gait to keep from freezing. That wouldn't do. A Long Branch story a this time of the year! And when I came to think of it, I observed other discrepancies that were out of place. If I remember rightly, the un at Long Branch doesn't set in the water at all, and the hotel piazzas face more to the ast than to the west. Neither does the beach ad down from the hotels. That confounded 'bluff" has bluffed me out of my description

entirely. No, that wouldn't do. So I gave up the Long Branch idea, and at the same time concluded I wouldn't make it a love story either. stories are too common, too sickish! Good enough for women to write, and women to read perhaps; but the idea of a man ing to such things! Why, I'm ashamed of my

What then? Let me see. Let me see. An adventure? Yes, I'll have it an adventure. A regular Western Indian story. That will b To be sure I was never out West, but nce I saw an Indian show in a theater, and that's more than a good many real Western

ravelers ever saw. But I will proceed with my Indian story: 'Ne-cum-sett, the Flower of the Tribe, the indomitable Sioux, stole her way cautiously from the old chief's wigwam to the heart of the impenetrable forest. She was skirmishing for her pale-face lover. The dense foliage hid the twinkling stars from sight, and all was as dark as Erebus. As she walked noiselessly along, her fair form was shadowed on the for leaves from the silvery light of ght moon. She met her pale-faced lover u the stately pine, and the two embraced Alas! they little knew they were dogged. They little knew behind her had skulked the old chie and Thunder-Bolt, her Indian lover. were each behind a tree. They cocked their trusty rifles, and with their malicious eyes learning down the bright lengths of their bar rels, respectively, they took deliberate aim—the old chief at the girl, and Thunder-Bolt a the pale-faced hunter, and at the very insta they embraced there was a sharp report, as the two weapons exploded simultaneously, follow ed by the crashing of the bullets as they wen to their unerring marks; a piercing shriek, a deathly groan, and all was still—"

But now I'm in another scrape. I want the story to turn out that that young pale-face marries that young Indian girl; and here, before ive fairly commenced, I've got them both killed. How am I going to get them out of this predicament? With the hero and heroine both slaughtered in cold blood, what's the use of going on further? The story is done. It has finished itself. A little while ago I was wanting a skeleton to fill in. Now I've two skeletons, already filled in, and don't know what to do with them.

But then, I don't like these Indian stories. thing more elevating; more refined; something really high-toned; something that will set

heart was touched at once, and thrusting her hand down into her pocket, she pulled forth her jeweled portmonaie

But that won't do. I must have something more natural. Elegantly dressed belles from Fifth avenue sometimes don't act that way! Besides, they have hearts that aren't so easily touched. I guess I will try something else, for, to tell the truth, I don't know much about Fifth avenue belles, anyway.

Then I tried to write some poetry, but all that I could think of was that "passenjaire" that paid his "faire" in the "horse-caire." Confound the idiot that invented horse-car

But, pshaw! What's the use fooling longer in this sort of a fashion? Why not plunge right into it at once, like a boy diving head first into the water, and then trusting to luck to get out of it? Just look at the time I have wasted when I might just as well have been making progress all this time! I plunge,

"'Oh, dear, oh, dear! What do you think? Who do you think's going to be married?"

There, that's elegant, isn't it! Who could beat that?

"It was a fair young girl that bounded into the rose-tinted parlor—" Rose-tinted parlor is good, isn't it? "She was a beautiful creature—the girl we mean—and was trimmed with lace lambraquins and Brussels carpet— I'm talking about the parlor, you know. As she—that is, the girl—laid her hand on the fair arm of her companion, like the alabaster statuettes that stood on the mantel, which was of white marble—the mantel was—carved in clusters of grapes, she-that is, the companion -standing by the other girl, the one that had just bounded in, you know-well, this man I was telling about that was about to be married -! What I want to say is that this

Drat it, I don't believe I've started right, after all! This "plunging in" business isn't as easy as it looks, after all. It is easy enough to plunge in; but how about getting out? I will try some other plan. I will get everything ready first and then plunge in afterward. Once more:

"It was a calm, cold night, and a soli-

tary-' "Look here, old man, if you don't get to bed pretty soon, you'll never be up in time to go to work in the morning. Besides, you're

wasting gas!" Wasn't that a cheerful way to interrupt a terary man a his labors? Isn't it coming com the sublime to the ridiculous with a suden jump? I looked at my watch. After one o'clock as sure as lam a sinner! From seven o'clock to one trying to write a story, and not even a commencement made yet! Well, I guess, after all, I had better stick to typetting, and leave this story-writing busine to somebody else who can't set type. I don't believe it is so very easy a thing to do, after all, and I conclude not to enter the rosy paths of literature just now. Some other time I will feel more like it, and then I will show that I

can write a story.
I'm glad, now, that I left the head until the last, as my wife advised when I began.

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### THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I suppose that you often have heard
(If not read) of the Prodigal Son,
In a book your parents used
In times which are long since gone.
His father was well-to-do,
And many a thousand scored,
But all that he gave to his son
Was the money he wanted, and board.

This was hundreds of years ago, Perhaps you remember it not;
For recollections oft fail,
But his was a sorrowful lot.
He sighed for his father's bonds,
And ached for his railway shares,
but the way who incured his life.

But the man who insured his life Put him down for a hundred years.

The very finest and best,
With coat of exquisite cloth,
Plug hat and a velvet vest.
But he sighed for something more,
And without the old man's request,
He forsook the old gentleman's roof
And went to speculate in the West.

With a little spent here and spent there
Of what they denominate pelf,
How it dwindles away unto naught
I never could see well myself;
But the money he carried along—
Although on strong cards he would bet—
Of interest brought not a cent,
Nor did he the principal get.

He got a loose habit of losing
His money in "going it blind,"
And the horses on which he would stake
Got a habit of lagging behind.
So, hungry and weary and lone,
With his mind upon suicide bent,
He counted his money one night

Ie counted his money one night And found that he hadn't a cent,

His clothing was not a whole suit.

But instead, was an old suit of holes;
His body was clear out of heart.

And his shoes they were clear out of soles.
So a clerkship he managed to get
Of carrying husks to the swine,
Till in sorrow he huskily moaned,
"What a lot (not of piggies) is mine!"

The man, missing some of his stock, Allowed him to graduate quick, So this prodigal son started home Reduced into fractions, and sick. So he went and he sat on the fence, An object to make a man laugh, His father was sorely perplexed If he should kill him or the calf.

But the son thought he meant to kill him
For he took him and walloped him sore,
Till he promised as sure as he lived
He never would go away more.
And he'd been a fool if he had,
For I think that the easiest plan,
To get along fine in this life,
Is to stay and live on the old man.

### Adrift on the Prairie:

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

II.—FISHING AFTER NIGHT.—TRACKS IN THE SAND.

WE watched the sun go down that evening with an interest we had never experienced before. His beams quivered along the sky and stole westward across the plain, with the shadows of night creeping after like an assassin. He seemed loth to leave the glories of earth, but finally sunk from view in a sea of purple glory.

The little lake strove hard to hold on its glim-

ering surface the radiance of the departed god Like a sheen of polished silver it lay silent and tranquil, giving forth its phosphorescent glow while the shadows of night gathered and deepened around it. But, little by little, the gloom absorbed the lingering light, until the blackness of oblivion seemed to have ingulfed us and the little sheet.

The haze and darkness together blotted out the stars. The moon would not be up until after midnight, and so we composed ourselves the best we could. We sat down in the solitude of the night to converse. Our voices sounded husky to each other under the depressing shadows of the hour

As the night advanced, a gentle south wind rose, and tiny waves began a ceaseless murmur as they stole up to kiss the shore at our feet. Now and then the far-off howl of a prairie wolf, or the boom of a bittern in an adjacent swamp, started the hollow echoes of night.

We retired earlier than usual that night trusting our safety to the sagacious yellow dos curled up and sleeping so soundly under the We knew, if any danger approached, that we should be wakened by his terrified velps. for if there was a cowardly creature on earth

it was that identical dog, Ben.
We slept soundly and arose with the first streaks of dawn greatly refreshed and invig-orated by our rest. We went down to the lake and made a thorough ablution in the clear, limpid waters. A fire was then struck and breakfast prepared. We had fish, done to a crisp brown, bread and coffee for our matu-

The heavens grew brighter and brighter above us, and our spirits seemed to enlarge and expand with joy and exuberance, as the sullen-browed night slunk away into the west. The whole ethereal expanse above was gradually kindling into a blaze, and at length it burst into a flame. The day was upon us, and the clear, ringing sounds of slumbering nature rose upon the breath of the rosy morn

blue haze that had so completely en shrouded the distance on the preceding day, had become somewhat rarefied by the beams of the new sun, and for the first time we now discovered a log cabin and a stable surrounded by a fence, some eighty rods to the north of

That it was the residence of the owner of those boats we had made so free with, we had not a doubt; and at once dispatched George to the house to ascertain whether we were right. If so, he was authorized to effect terms of compromise with the old man whom Jim had so ruthlessly baptized, and if possible, hire his

boats for the party's use. George set off on his mission with no little reluctance, for he was afraid the old man would give him a cool, if not violent, reception With slow footsteps he approached the house, and when within a few rods of it, he was suddenly struck by the sound of a voice singing like a nightingale. He stopped and listened. He heard the words:

"All in the rosy morn,
My love he came to me,
Acknowledging the corn
He loved me dearily." It was a female voice, soft and sweet George smiled as he listened to the words, but

taking courage he advanced with a firmer step. As he neared the stable he saw a young girl engaged in milking a brindle cow, and singing

"Good-morning, Miss," the youth said, advancing within a few paces of the girl before she became aware of his prese

The maiden started up with a confused smile and stammered a reply. She was quite young nants of our morning meal, we employed our -possibly not over seventeen; was rather tall and slender, but possessed of a beautiful, grace-

with rosy cheeks and modest expression. was dressed in a plain calico dress with a clean checked apron. Her light brown hair hung down her back in two long braids, and her brown hands, innocent of barbaric jewels, were small and shapely.

George at once became forcibly impressed with the beauty and childlike simplicity of this modest prairie flower. He regarded her for a moment with spell-bound admiration; but finally recovering his usual composure, he begged her pardon for his unceremonious intrusion, and then asked:

"Is the owner of the premises about?" "I left him at the house," she replied, in a pleasant tone, "though he was going away soon. If you wish to see him you had better hurry on.

George thanked her, bowed and hastened on to the cabin. In answer to his summons, an old lady, with a bright eye, a sharp chin, and good-natured look appeared at the door. "Good-morning, grandmother," said young peace-commissioner, tipping his hat

with his wonted politeness.
"Howdy?" was the laconic reply. "May I inquire who resides here?" George

asked. "To be sure, sonny; I won't hinder you." "Then who resides here?"
"Why, we do, in course!"

"But what is your name? That's what I am after.

'Mercy sakes! you can ax questions ekel to a Yankee. You'll want to know my age, yit, won't ye? But then as to our name, it's Farmer—papa's name is Elijah Farmer, though folks hereaways alers call him Uncle Lige." "I; Uncle Lige at home?"

"Just went away. Are you one of them chaps what's camped down on the lake?"
"I am; and I have come up to apologize for the rashness of one of our boys yesterday in

tipping Uncle Lige into the lake."
"Oh, fiddle dee-dum!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her head, "don't mind that. Pap laughed bout it last night, and he thinks it's an awful good joke on him. He's goin' to

call on you uns when he comes back."
"I am really glad to hear this," our friend responded, "for if he was not offended, we may stand a chance to hire his boats." Yes, you can hire the boats—he keeps 'em

for that purpose, and when he ar'n't here I hire 'em out. So, if you want a boat, help yerself and account to me." "Thank you," said George; "we will take the cance to-day and the flat-boat to-night.

What will be your charges?' "Well, let me see," she said, throwing the dishrag over her brawny arm and making a calculation upon her fingers. "I'll let you have both boats at a small reduction, seein' as I have promised Ruby a new dress 'g'inst a certain day, and lack a little money of havin' enuff. Now, at two bits a yard, seven yards 'll cost a dollar and fifty—no, seventy-five cents. Five yards 'd make the dress, but then I've promised her a stylish one with a pan-near other fol-dee-rols and flub-dubs; so I'll knock the boats down to you at two bits each. and think you can't complain.

After he had ascertained the nominal value a "bit," considered in the Western sense, he paid the money and departed, exchanging glances with Ruby as he passed the cow-yard. Reaching camp he reported the result of his visit to the cabin, much to our relief.

We at once made all preparations for a day's hunt around the lake, and embarked in the canoe for the opposite shore, where most of the game seemed congregated. The water was still, and under the vigorous strokes of three paddles we glided rapidly across the little sheet. Reaching a large island formed by the lake, its inlet and a deep swamp, Jim and his dog landed thereon, while the rest of us pushed on and entered the inlet that was literally swarming with ducks, geese, mud-hens and other aquatic birds. We ensconced ourselves among the tall reeds and for hours amused our-

they glided over and around us. Now and then the sullen boom of Jim's howtzer came over from the island, telling of the estruction of life in that direction, and of the ong list of scores that would be tallied against us when we reached camp.

wary fowls finally became apprised of our locality and kept wide of our range. This ecessitated a change of position, so we padiled further up the inlet and again took to the reeds and resumed our sport.

George, who could solve an example in equaon or illustrate the theory of double-entry better than he could shoot a bird on the wing proved the source of no little amusement in his emarks on his luck in gunning. When he had rought down a duck more than twenty feet to the right of the one he aimed at, he vowed that he was fully satisfied now of a fart he had mistrusted all along -that of his gun-barrel be ing crooked—having a little too much twist. Acting upon this belief, he proceeded to prove making a calculation, whenever he bird approaching, and firing to the left of it, killing as often that way as by any other.

Finally, tiring of our day's shooting, we gathered up our game and started back toward camp. We touched upon the northern side of the island for Jim: but he was nowhere to be We shouted his name, and soon his powerful form appeared in sight on an eminence of the island. We called to him to come down to the boat and return to camp. He motioned us around to the east side of the island where we supposed he had accumulated game enough to sink the boat. We paddled around the island, and as we approached the spot where Jim stood leaning upon his gun, what vas our surprise to see a solitary mud-hen lay ng at his side, while his dog slept at his heels "Where's your game, Jim?" I asked, as we

Half-mortified, he glanced at his lonely nud-hen, then at our game in the boat, and

Well, I killed a brant, and I see you felows have only killed a few ducks. "That's all we got, James; but where's your

brant? Jim looked puzzled and sour as he mumbled: "Ben, the hungry vagrant, eat it: but I can show the feathers

We all indulged in a hearty laugh at on big friend's expense, as we took him and his dog aboard and pushed out into the lake. 'I'd advise vou, Jeems," said George, "to for he is a nuisance to you and a disgrace to

the canine race. "George, if you ever expect to see the girl you left behind you, don't cast your insinua-tions against that pup," replied Jim. "1'll show you yet, that he's a royal descendant of

Noah's brace of setters."

We reached our camp about two o'clock, and after partaking of a hearty dinner on the rem selves dressing our game for future use. Toward the close of day George became miss

ful form, blue, witching eyes, a pretty face ing from camp, and in looking about we espied him leaning on the fence that compos Uncle Lige's cow-yard, talking to the pretty milk-maid whom he had met that morning.

Every preparation for an hour's fishing the coming night was made. Bait was prepared, the boat bailed out, the helm placed on its pivot and a lantern lighted. As we repaired to the boat, Bob, who carried the lantern, discovered huge footprints in the sand near the boat They had been made quite recently, but by no one of our party. Some one had been there since nightfall, and as George had learned from Ruby that Uncle Lige was still absent from nome, a vague suspicion that some one was lurking around to steal something from our camp took possession of our minds. We held a short consultation, and finally decided that one had better remain ashore and watch our

Taking this responsibility upon myself, the other three at once boarded the boat and pushed out into the lake. They were to be in in side of an hour, but when that time had elapsed and the second hour was nearly gone, I began to wonder at their prolonged absence; and, when another hour passed, I grew uneasy about their safety. I glanced out over the lake in hopes of seeing the light of their lantern, but all was as dark upon the lake as eternity. Meanwhile, the wind had changed into the north and was blowing a strong gale, increasing my fears for the safety of my absent friends

The hours wore on. My watch told the hour of twelve, and still no tidings from the fishermen. I kindled a fire on the bank to guide them should they be lost on the water. they came not. I shouted to them at the top of my lungs, but only the rush of the wind and the surge of the angry sea answered me back.

## Estelle's Wedding Present.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THERE was an expression of supremest con-tempt on Estelle Meredith's lovely face as she looked up from the piles of costly silks that enveloped her like shimmering rays of light—de licate, dainty shades of silks, tender apple green, and ecru-pearl and palest pink, and softest cream, and silveriest blue, while in state or the handsome silken lounge the thick, splendid wedding silk lay, of crystal white, and lustrous and soft as velvet.

Estelle looked like a fairy queen on a fairy throne, sitting among the elegant material that comprised part of her matchless wedding rousseau; articles of expensive virtu and re gal luxury marked her room with decided in-dications of wealth and taste; she was young, and beautiful, and so soon to be married to the lover of her choice—everything conspired to make her radiantly happy, and yet her pretty red lips were curled with contemptuous scorn, and her cheeks were flushing with mortification, and her blue eyes were sparkling with something very like anger.

And the innocent cause of it all was a large quare package that Forman, the footman, had just deposited on the table.

'It is an outrageous shame—outrageous! I never heard of such a thing—an old leathercovered family Bible!

Mrs. Geoffrey Meredith, the prospective mo ther-in-law to one of the wealthiest young men in New York adjusted her geld-rimmed eyeglasses and glared wrathfully at the parcel Estelle's sweet, high voice rung vengefully

"Who ever heard of such a thing but the deceitful old thing himself? The idea of that horrid uncle of yours sending me his old Bible for a wedding present!"

Maude De Lisle looked up from the window

where she was making satin rosettes for Es telle's pretty slippers. 'What-not old uncle Hiram I have heard you say so often was sure to give you some-

Estelle bit her lip with vexation, and Mrs. Meredith flushed. 'That same old uncle Hiram, Maude.

it a perfectly atrocious shame? I positively relied on a suit of diamonds, or a set of solid silver, or at least a blank check in Estelle's fa-And he was as rich as a Jew, for all he

lived so plainly and had worn the same butternut suit of clothes for years. I declare, mamma, I'll never countenance another relation of yours in my life." Estelle fairly quivered with disappointment

and vexation, and pretty, interested, sympathizing Maude looked up condolingly.
"It is a shame, Stella, and if I were you I'd pack the forlorn thing straight back

stingy miser. Where does he live, Mrs. Mere 'Live! Oh, mercy on us, Maude, I thought you knew he was dead—a month ago, or more. And that is one reason why I feel so—so actually insulted by this battered, dog-eared old

book being designated as a wedding present to Estelle rose from her seat on a low hassock

among the silks, showing what a graceful wil-Well, mamma, there is no use of wasting

any more time about it. Uncle Hiram has completed his course of 'eccentricity' by the meanest trick I ever heard of; and I will accept it by sending it where it belongs—in the garret among the lumber. Ring for Forman, please, mamma, to carry it away—there, that Madame Elcamier at the door to see about my satin coutilles.'

But it wasn't Elcamier; and when the foot man came in obedience to Mrs. Meredith's ring, he brought the information that "two adies from the country, who say they are ousins, and whose name is Davison," were in

Mrs. Meredith gave a little shriek of dismay "Heavens! Estelle, what shall we do? It is Tryphesa and Tryphesa Davison come to the

For all Maude De Lisle was to be first brides maid to her darling friend Estelle, she couldn't repress a little feminine thrust. Do? Why, my dear Mrs. Meredith, there can possibly be but one thing to do. You can-

ot turn your relatives out of the house.' 'Of course they must remain, mamma, now that they are here, but I do think we've had enough of your people."

So, the good-natured, old-fashioned countryfolk were shown up to the elegant boudoir con secrated to Estelle's special use, and made themselves as much at their ease as the aristocratic Mrs. Geoffrey Meredith and her daughter Estelle had made themselves in the warm summer days when they "sponged" at the hospitable farm-house the thrifty sisters ownedand when they caused it to be given out that they were "traveling from one delightful spot to another, just as inclination took them."

The first thing Miss Tryphesa saw, after she was divested of her wraps and was settled down in a silken chair, was the big package in | with them terms.'

thick brown paper, and tied with a stout twine, and embellished with an express company's re

'That's the Bible, eh, Samanthy? 'Ain't had time to open it yet, I s'pose."
"Samanthy," otherwise Mrs. Geoffrey Mere-

dith, assumed her coldest demeanor. "We certainly are very busy, but we could have found time to have opened it if we had wished. We shall not trouble ourselves to touch it; indeed I am surprised uncle Hiram had the impudence to imagine we should have Miss Tryphesa stared surprisedly.

"I reckon the old gentleman thought you'd be glad to hev it, bein' as it's the same one your great-grand'ther owned and read through reg'lar, once a year. Most folks set store by

head haughtily. Mrs. Meredith brought all her iciness to bear upon the matter. "Fortunately, we are very superior to most' folks. Estelle, my dear, we will dis-

Miss De Lisle tittered, and Estelle crested her

miss the distasteful subject by having the nuisance removed if you will be kind enough to call Forman once more."

Estelle moved slowly toward the tube, but Miss Tryphosa's eager voice made her de sist in her act.

'If none of you don't want the old family Bible, what's got the births and marriage and deaths for nigh on a hundred and fifty year—if none of you fine city-folk don't want it, I do, and I'll give you another weddin'-present fur it, cousin Estelle. I'll give ye fifty dollars to buy another gimcrack, if ye'll give

me the old Bible. Mrs. Meredith thawed visibly, and Estelle discarded the idea of calling Forman to remove the obnoxious bundle, for it had sudden ly become comparatively precious in her estimation; and a gracious smile wreathed her pretty lips, as she thought of the lovely gold cross in Ball and Black's window, with a glowing yellow topaz in either corner, whose price was fifty dollars.

"I don't wonder at your affection for the Bible, cousin Tryphosa, but you see I hardly need it, with the one Fred's sister will give us, in brown Turkey morocco and silver bound made to order, you know, and cost three hun-

"No, I don't think you will," Miss Tryphosa answered dryly, then handed Estelle a crisp fifty-dollar bill; and the question was settled; and the sisters Davison were tolerated at the wedding, and then, after the charming bride had gone, they took their leave and went back, with their precious treasure, to the quiet, thrifty farm-house

"I wouldn't take the wrappin' paper off'n the Bible jest yet, ef I was you, Tryphosa," Miss Tryphesa said, a few days afterward: 'it's a-comin' on fly-time, and what with the nouse-cleanin' and preservin' and like as not a load o' city comp'ny, we won't hev no time to look over it. But, in the fall, when everythin's done and span clean, we'll take it out'n the nice, protectin' paper coverin'—eh?"

And so the fated book was carefully laid

among the camphor-odorous blankets and pepper-sprinkled furs in the spare-room closet; and the glad summertime went by and the world kept on its accustomed course, and the gorgeous autumn tints hung out their pennons over the far-spreading Davison farmland, where peace and plenty dwelt; and the Indian summer days, with golden haze between deep-blue skies and cool, glad earth, glorified the teeming metropolis where Estelle Anchester, nee Meredith, sat among the magnificent luxuries and costly extravagances of her seven-month old home-

white, wan, heartsick and sad. 'It really is terrible, terrible, that Fred should have been so unfortunate. But, as papa said, 'voung men are so rash and will rush headlong into any speculation that offers.

And Miss Maud De Lisle wrapped her cream and cardinal silken scarf around her neck, and wen's tripping away—heartless, indifferent, like all the rest, since the news had obtained that Fred Anchester had ventured—and lost very dollar he had in the world

And Estelle sat there, on the last day that the could call this palatial residence home, sat listening to the tread of passers-by on the avenue, of rolling carriages, and occasional peals at the door-bell, to which she knew the answer would be given, at her command:

Not at home. And then, Felice, her maid, came softly in, followed by two tall, kindly-faced women, with tears of genuine sympathy on their faces,

and genuine affection in their tones "She would come up, Estelle, so don't blame the girl. She was possessed to git to see you, because we feel it a sacred, delightful dooty Girl, git a pair o' scissors, and fetch 'em here. in Tryphesa Davison was spokesman, and Miss Tryphosa had taken a seat, after a quiet little kiss bestowed on Mrs. Anchester' forehead, that somehow, felt the truest, most real sympathy Estelle had known in her trouble,

and yet her inmost pride rose visibly. "I was not expecting company," she began, distantly, but cousin Tryphesa interrupted

"No more was we expectin' to come, until last night, when, says I to my sister, take uncle Hiram's Bible down and look at it,' and, says she, 'well, we will.' So we did take it out'n the closet, and out'n the paper that I thought never would come off, that strong it was pasted and tied, and then—that's why we

She had gone on so glibly, then came so flatly to an indistinct, lame conclusion, that Estelle only elevated her eyebrows, and Miss Tryphesa took up the lost thread decidedly

She means we found a package of thou sand dollar government bonds a-layin' on the kiver directed to you—a hundred of 'em, with old uncle Hiram's love. Give 'em to her, Tryphosa, and let us go home. Oh, here comes the gal with the scissors. Cut the package open, and let Miss Anchester count 'em and see if they're all there.

Estelle sat faint, dazed, bewildered by the almost incredible story; then, as Miss Tryphosa spread before her eyes the undoubted evidence of her assertions, and a paper with the mesage to her in the old man's crabbed hand she knew so well, the revulsion came, and she cried till it seemed she would dissolve in tears.

"To think-oh! to think how I behaved about it! I wonder that God lets me have it, now! But, I'm so glad—oh, I am so glad, and the dear old Bible shall have the post of honor in my parlors as long as I live.

An inlaid table of And she kept her word. rare workmanship, and fabulous price, has the honor of supporting the brown, shriveled volume, and a glass covers it securely. And people wonder what it is, but Estelle

An impecunious individual was heard to mutter, as he finished reading a railroad hand-'Through without change, headed: "That's the road I shall take; no fault to find

and Fred never have satisfied curiosity yet.

### ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"She's only a farmer's daughter," A stylish lady said, With a scornful glance of her handsome eyes, And a toss of her haughty head.

Her hands, that sparkle with many a ring, Are as fair as the lily in hue: They play the piano with wonderful grace-'Tis the only work they do.

Should you hear her talk of the "lower class," Of their "ignorance of propriety," Of "her family," and of "country girls," And her "horrer of mixed society,"

You'd suppose that among her ancestors She boasted a duke or an earl— Her father was once a carpenter, And her mother a factory girl.

They call her brilliant and beautiful,
Nor do I her charms deny;
But the farmer's daughter she scorns in her

Is fairer by far to my eye.

Mirth and innocent happiness Out of her blue eyes shine; Her hair is untutored by crimp or by curls, And she wears it right divine.

Though her fingers can skillfully touch the keys, They can wash the dishes as well; And her voice singing blithely at work or at

play, Charms all with its musical spell. No mother toils in the kitchen for her While she on the sofa lolls, Novel in hand, or dressed in her best, Receiving her "morning calls."

But a share in the heat and the burdens of life, She willingly, cheerfully takes, And a dutiful love, in her happy home, A pleasure of labor makes.

And I think you will own, spite the verdict of those
Who live but in fashion's whirl,
That "only a farmer's daughter" means
"Only a sensible girl."

## Ripples.

THE son of the Shah has a harem of beaues, seven in number. He has a French tutor and a music-teacher, but he is said to use very

bad language. A man in Oswego recently had one hundred and twenty-five pounds of Warts taken off his hands. A young man named Wright married her—and that's warts the matter.

A book agent was recently shot in Texas, Whereupon the Worcester *Press* heartlessly and malignantly remarks that "there is a universal demand all over the country for more book agents—in Texas." "Why didn't you put on a clean collar be-fore you left home?" called out an impertment

young fop to an omnibus-driver. your mother hadn't sent home my washing, was the extinguishing reply. An anonymous contributor sends us some

erses entitled, "An Ode to a Silver Dollar," but we are averse to publishing them. Such things are "owed" by too many poets already, and our advice is, "Ode don't." The thrifty Mr. Samuel Smiles, who turns

out books in a perfect cascade, has been making an aphorism. "Those whom God has joined in matrimony," he says, "ill-cooked oints and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder." An old woman who is crossing the street has narrow escape from being run over by a nearse. "I am not at all superstitious," she

says to her rescuer, "but it has always seemed to me that it would be unlucky to be killed by a hearse.' An American spiritualist lately, being asked for information concerning Bucephalus, obtained a communication from the spirit world

to the effect that "he still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education. An ingenious trunk has been invented for travelers. When in proper shape it looks sub-

stantial enough to secure board for a month; but when folded up it can be stowed in the neticed before pay-day. A New England rustic once took his "girl" to the city. The couple visited a confectionery establishment, and the country gentleman purchased a stick of candy, which he delib-

erately commenced eating. After it was nearly demolished, he suddenly exclaimed: "I say, why don't you buy a stick?" It's awful The new belt for ladies is said to be made n clasps, four of which go around the waist. It will be difficult, however, to improve upon the old style of belt, which is made in the shape of a coat-sleeve and has an arm inside of We have observed, however, that this

kind usually requires more than four clasps. "It will certainly shorten your life, Harry, f vou continue to smoke so much." know that," replied the gentleman; "there's my father, who smokes every blessed day, and now he's seventy years of age." "Well," was the reply, "if he hadn't smoked he might have

A German philosopher holds that there is precious little difference between civilized men and savages. Both are hunters all the time after food for their respective squaws, pappooses, and selves, although in different fields, and if people didn't have to eat, they would all be at the same par.

John Henry, reading to his wife from a ewspaper: "There is not a single woman in newspaper: the House of Correction.' There, you see don't you, what wicked creatures wives are? Every woman in that jail is married." purious," said she: "but don't you think, John, dear, that some of them go there for relief?"

At the Centennial the Philadelphia ladies cry out, "Isn't it cunning?" New York ladies, 'How superbly lovely!" Boston ladies, "Ah, now exquawsite!" ful fo' shuah!" Chicaga ladies, "Oh, my—I wished I owned that!" while the genuine Yankee girls from the rural districts exclaim, -whimminy, but ain't that a stunner neow!

Oliver Wendell Holmes falls into nautical phraseology to the following effect: known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.'

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they "Hold